# N U II MONTHLY MAGAZINE

# APRIL 190

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**Complete Novelette** 

"Love's Undertow

By Anna A. Rogers

Twenty Other Good Writers

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

Contents for April, 1907

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

**APRIL, 1907** 



## LOVE'S UNDERTOW

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

I.

HE foundation of Mrs. De Ro's second marriage was, as is often the case, laid during the lifetime of her first husband, the Reverend Lawrence De Ro, whose eloquence had for twelve years packed the Church of the Four Evangelists, and whose sudden death threatened the faith of so many female members of his flock.

After the first three days his widow ceased to read the incoherent letters which poured in upon her from all over the state—for Lawrence had been wont to exchange pulpits with other clergymen. Exactly what had been his purpose in so doing had never been clear even to his wife, but the two-edged effect of these exchanges she came to see very distinctly.

Many of these letters suggested such an altogether unmoral worship of the man himself, and so blasphemous an arraignment of the Power which had so harshly withdrawn him from a needy world, that his widow, even after a dozen years of close acquaintanceship with the emotional side of religion, was unspeakably repelled.

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She had worked hard for him since the day she married him—worked with her mind, her sympathy, her tact; and at first with her generous capacity for passionate devotion to the thing she loved. Not that Margaret was in the least an ambitious woman so far as the eyes of the world were concerned, but she held an unuttered creed that there was a certain ignominy in not fulfilling well one's individual relations in life. She had found no one perfect—her relations, her friends, herself even! Neither did she find her husband perfect; but she no more thought of repudiating him for his imperfections than she did of repudiating her father. It had nothing to do with her own side of the social contract, she often thought to herself with a quizzical smile.

If Lawrence had happened to be a politician, she would have dined his constituents, and made them think well of themselves after a refined fashion of her own; she would have toiled day and night in that arid field called society, which bears so light a crop for all the labor put into it.

If he had been a lawyer, she would have studied enough law to oppose his arguments, and so perfect them. Through life's professional gamut she would have sung as true, as successfully, as she had sounded the note of Lawrence De Ro's career. For her power over men was her one supreme gift; a power to comprehend, to help, to stimulate, to distil the little good from the confusion of much evil. Laughingly to a friend of her husband's, John Gordon, she had once said: "I fear I'm nothing in myself; I'm only a crystallizer—'a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff'!"

"It takes a diamond to cut a diamond," replied John Gordon.

And so as the childless wife of one of the most popular clergymen of the hour, a man with a bishopric unquestionably ahead of him, she had had a very full life—so full that she did not often find time to think whether it had been a very happy one or not.

When that inevitable moment came, which sooner or later comes in all human relations—that first disappointment one with another—she was silent for a day; and then she took what she called *petite retraite*. She had always insisted upon having a few days to herself now and then, when she went away to the country, to be alone for a little with her soul.

Lawrence thought that he resented these hours of withdrawal from him, but in reality they were uncommonly beneficial in their effect upon his own corrosive, high-strung nature. That his wife was an expert in the management of him and his sensibilities, he had long ago recognized; and he had yielded to it with a thrill of genuine thankfulness for the fact itself, if with a somewhat less specific gratitude to the cause of it all.

He never dreamed that his wife had found him out, had discovered

the true names of things he did, under his high-sounding aliases. In fact, he had never found out himself. During those two days when she was alone in the open spaces, she had accepted it, and been big enough to see that there was, and always would be, precious metal in his brain to be extracted for the good of men and women, groping for light in the dark, and that it was her task still to go on by his side working for him and them.

His eloquence was of the impassioned school. His voice left the hearts of the women who listened to him beating wildly, like birds in their cages suddenly mad for freedom. They listened with parted lips, from which their breath came in panting gasps. His own face grew white and shining like polished marble, his strong white hands, with the square fingers, would stretch out over the heads of the congregation, beseeching, commanding; and they moved restlessly in their seats, and thought it was the spirit of good within them, awakening from long slumber. But his wife knew what fed the roots of his passionate pleading.

When he returned to the rectory after the morning service he could scarcely stand. He was trembling, exhausted, slightly peevish in a gentlemanly way, almost hysterical from a sudden overwhelming reaction of self-distrust. He would lie on the lounge in his study and cling to her hand, begging for reassurance of his powers. And she sat beside him and patiently doctored the collapse to his artist's morbid vanity. The quiet motherliness of her manner did not disclose her repeated recognition of the humor of the situation.

If evil had come from Lawrence's great dramatic moments, it would have been different; but a distinctly stimulating good was found to come from them, as free from complexities as anything ever is in the life of emotion.

His voice carried its stirring message once a week to many lives, while his assistant, the Reverend Clements Lumb—not many years his junior—did the real work of the parish, the life that was lived from Monday morning till Saturday night. Sunday only was Doctor De Ro's, unless exception be made of Wednesday afternoons from five to six, when he was to be found in his study, to respond to any soul-grappling questions that were presented for his consideration. That the tap-root of his eloquence was also fed by these confessional hours spent with beautiful, more or less neurotic women, Margaret had also faced while alone with the hills, the clouds, and the good brown earth. It was but one of very many mysteries: that sometimes the spirit has its roots down deep in the flesh, and as it is nourished so will it bear fruit. That Lawrence was entirely unconscious of a certain speciousness of motive made it possible to live with him.

The sequence of his own feeling regarding Margaret had been the

exact opposite of hers. From flattered vanity through her habit of sympathy, he had come to have an affection for her, and had married her. From affection, after marriage, he had come to regard her with a strong, passionate, entirely selfish love that made her vitally necessary to him. For the last few years of his life he drew much of his inspiration from her own original thought, her own wide reading; she was balm to his fretful vanity, myrrh and incense to his hypertrophied senses.

Margaret had never understood her power over him, nor over other men who came and went in her life, although she had been aware of it ever since her conscious life began.

She was not—never had been—even a pretty woman, although she had exquisitely pretty moments, as even a plain woman has; moments which whisper of the ideal of her type as it should have been; moments when her soul was seen shining through the non-conducting flesh. She had, however, one salient point of attraction—her voice—her speaking voice, for she had lived too exclusively in others to discover whether she might not also have sung. Of one thing she was very sure: she made no deliberate conscious appeal to the flesh. She had that impenetrable isolation of soul that has several names in the world. Nor was her appeal made through an excess of spirituality; she had far too much humor for that.

But the power was there, whatever its source, and if a man came once, she knew he would come again, and neither he nor she knew why.

Her reserve as to her inner life was, of course, a source of power the dam across the river above a mill. Among her reserves it may as well be noted that Lawrence never knew that his wife was not a religious woman, in his interpretation of the term.

One Sunday in May the rector had come home from church more than usually exhausted, after having produced an effect little short of electric, preaching on the text from the Psalms: "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Margaret and he had worked over it together, perfecting it; she had sought references, dug up apt quotations from the hard-trampled ground of literature, curbed his tendency to redundancy, kept a sharp eye upon his sequences and climaxes. She had become so accustomed to the effect that her husband's sermons produced, that she was indifferent to it, save in a big sort of motherly way.

After the service was over he asked her to take the coupé and go in his stead to call upon a parishioner who was ill, saying in a low tone that he was utterly spent and must return home immediately. It was the first warm, humid day of spring, and so when he reached his study he opened the windows by his lounge, and threw himself down upon it and fell asleep—and ten days later he died of pneumonia.

The shock, the sudden relaxing of the great strain upon her life, left Margaret for a week entirely unbalanced. She saw no one but old Doctor Wilmot, who had been their physician for many years. And after he entered her room she insisted upon locking the door. Then she would walk rapidly up and down the room, talking incessantly.

"Doctor, I want Dione, do you hear? I want Dione! I will not see all those women down-stairs and listen to words, words, words. I can't see any one, I can't do anything more. I'm tired, I tell you, tired body and soul, body and soul!"

"Yes, my dear child, I know-you gave much."

"'Gave much'! I gave all!" she cried, turning upon him irritably, her voice ringing through the room.

"And who is Dione? Give me his address. I will see to it at

once," replied the doctor quietly.

"He? Dione's a woman, doctor—a young girl, who understands and yet is silent. Not one of those chattering, hysterical, erotic-minded creatures down there, who want to come in here and talk of God and Lawrence, not knowing which they mean!"

"My dear Mrs. De Ro, let us keep off that subject, please. I understand as clearly as you do, perhaps more clearly, because I see a few

of life's fundamentals under it."

She laughed wildly, mirthlessly.

"Oh, do you think I don't see your fundamentals, too?" She was jarred out of all reserve, and all accustomed manner of speech. She had been like this from the first hour after Lawrence's death: white-faced, distraught, dry-eyed, talking her soul out—but with enough sanity left to make sure that no one either saw or heard her but her old friend the doctor—the modern priest to whom the women of to-day bring their confessions in their hours of stress.

"And Dione's address?" he suggested gently. She stood still,

reflecting, and then said:

"Oh, yes; I have it here in my address-book." She went to her desk and found a small red leather book, and ran her trembling fore-finger along the initialled edge for a page or two, and then the book fell from her hands, and a terrible scream rang through the room, and the doctor got to her just in time to prevent her falling. She clung to him, whispering pitifully, as if to undo that uncontrollable cry of hers:

"I did n't mean to do that! I will not do it again, doctor. But I 've forgotten Dione's name—I cannot remember her other name!" she repeated with soft horror.

"Most natural thing in the world—happens to me about twice a week," he said comfortably, leading her to the lounge upon which she had been lying when he entered. "Now, you've been very naughty

and obstinate, but to-day you've got to do what I say. I'll give you something to help you get hold of yourself again—memory and all! You have not slept—you've got to, that's all. I'll stay by you; no one else shall come." She sat quietly listening to him in one of those quick hysteric reactions.

Presently he approached her and got her to swallow a white liquid, and, lowering the shades, he sat down beside her now recumbent form. She wore a loose white wrapper which she had not taken off since the

night her husband had slipped very quietly out of life.

Once Margaret spoke before she yielded to the drug, giving Dione's name and address unhesitatingly, and Doctor Wilmot wrote it down on his cuff without withdrawing his hand from the clutch of her almost frenzied fingers. Presently her hand relaxed its grasp, and lay in his, the fingers curled up in that silent appeal of the human hand for help, for mercy, for forgiveness.

Then with that strange desire for a last assertion of will over the drug that was fast conquering hers, she said very slowly, with

precision:

"He needed much—he took all. The world knows nothing. I am very tired—my soul—spent—done." Her voice trailed away into silence and she slept, and never knew that she had spoken.

Doctor Wilmot drew away and sat watching the white, irregular,

lovable face, and he thought to himself:

"The flesh and the spirit—what a riddle it has always been! Men and women, world without end! Poor things! Poor things!"

### II.

DIONE came—a modern Amazon of a girl, five feet ten inches in height, erect as a grenadier, with a face so solemn and cold that men forgot, in a sort of instinctive resentment, how perfect were the lines of its composition.

Doctor Wilmot's assistant, who came one day in his senior's place to see Mrs. De Ro, found the girl's fiercely virgin aspect excruciatingly funny. It was to him so obviously the attitude of defense against, and defiance of, the accepted conditions of the rôle feminine, hating it, fighting it to the last ditch, solely on broad, abstract principles.

Young Doctor Charles Eytel found himself watching the girl with twinkling eyes every time he met her, and he was much preoccupied with a picture of the yielding of this haughty Diana some day to the—

concrete!

The first time that their glance met was across Mrs. De Ro's lounge. For an instant their eyes clung hypnotically, oblivious of conventionalities. Into Dione's came a look of fear, into his a smile, and then Margaret introduced them, and the girl marched away with

her head thrown up. He watched her till the door closed, and then began to laugh and said to Margaret:

"The bachelor maid, your friend, of which we hear so much. It's very fine, very interesting! A maiden used to run like the wind and hide; now she stands and freezes a man. It's very interesting!"

"Ah, doctor, I'm so tired of you all—of the world of men," sighed Margaret, smiling faintly as she looked at the remarkably handsome young man before her. He was a very large man, manifestly of North German blood, blue-eyed, with one of those complexions that women resent.

He came very often after that first visit, sometimes not at the instance of his associate, nor directly in Mrs. De Ro's interest. Came as a man always does when he wishes to come. And Dione hated him, and he knew it, and therein lay her fascination for his robust type.

Mrs. De Ro was not ill; only nervously prostrated. She would lie all day in the sunlight in her room, for she was very cold, and play with the large opal ring which she always wore. To Dione, she called it a "woman's heart crystallized," and never seemed weary of experimenting with its chromatic caprices.

The representations of Doctor Wilmot as to her condition made it possible for her to continue at the rectory, and the idea that she must vacate it for the next incumbent had not yet dawned upon her.

The next incumbent was the Reverend Clements Lumb.

The day after Margaret took her first drive, veiled and in a coupé, with Dione beside her, brought to the widow the realization of many things. Among others, that she must at once leave the rectory. She was overwhelmed at having remained all these weeks. She insisted upon sending at once for the Reverend Clements Lumb. She knew that in his heart he longed to be called "Father" Clements; it seemed almost as if it had been foreseen at the baptismal font! But no one gratified his wish except Mrs. De Ro now and then; it was one of his crosses, and one of her subtleties.

She sat alone in the drawing-room waiting for him, very white, her face rigid with repression. She looked like a *religeuse* in her unrelieved black, her white hands lying folded in her lap.

He was announced and entered, and his appearance was a fresh shock to her, as it always had been after an interval of not seeing him. He was tall and thin to attenuation, with long gray hair parted in the middle and falling straight down, almost covering his high, narrow forehead. The eyes and, in fact, the shaven face as a whole were curiously youthful; the large mouth alone was framed by deep, almost tragic lines—the lines that invariably come around men's mouths with any persistent defiance of natural living. One sees them in the face of a criminal, long confined; in the faces of actors, priests, all men who

are leading lives outside of the general order of things, being that something which is either above or below the level of their natures.

"You are very good to allow me the privilege of seeing you, Mrs. De Ro," he murmured, with a clergyman's unfailing aplomb—used to all phases of humanity under all conditions.

"I wish to apologize in person, Doctor Lumb, for keeping you out

of your own house, for-"

"Pray, my dear madam!"

"Let me finish, please. I have been very tired—I forgot—and no one reminded me. I will begin preparations to leave at once. You may have the house day after to-morrow—will that do?" He said the thing demanded in his rather high, excitable voice, and even as he spoke a sudden impulse had come over her to ask him an intimate question—something that puzzled her when Doctor Wilmot would say to her: "I think if you could bring yourself to open your heart to me, you would experience relief."

Clements Lumb was a man so out of the ordinary that she, as well as other women, felt at once that she might say extraordinary

things to him.

"I want to ask you something," she said.

He drew his chair nearer, stooped his head, the divided curtain of hair swung free from his forehead; he looked down at his thin, delicate hands, and then she continued:

"It is not an easy question to ask. If—if one's attitude, involuntary attitude, under a given condition, is completely misinterpreted, what must one do to—to clear the air—to breathe again and be honest?"

He sat up with a jerk: this was a very simple matter!

"Tell the truth—throw off the mask—expel the foul air from the lungs—breathe!" he cried, with a sudden ill-regulated passion which jarred upon her. Lawrence had been a much more perfect machine working for redemption than this man, who outwardly and inwardly differentiated himself from the world of men.

"But another's honor-no, dignity-is involved," she replied.

"'Dignity'! Does not dignity strike you, Mrs. De Ro, as rather a small thing to which to sacrifice one's personal honor—one's integrity of soul—if I understand you at all?"

There was a long silence, and then she said with a little courteous movement of one of her very white hands, which was not lost upon his preternatural sensitiveness:

"Pardon me, but you are all wrong—I mean in my case. I could not see clearly before I spoke to you; the instant you replied, it is all made manifest to me. The reverse of what you say is the right thing for me to do. It is my duty to be silent, if only to protect that other's dignity. If it costs me something, even a little bit of what you would

call my 'integrity of soul'—what's that but one sacrifice the more of oneself to another? I know of nothing that repels me more than this elbowing of one's little soul into heaven ahead of the little soul of some one else. Silence has always been easy to me—very easy. I will be silent. Thank you."

And so it came to pass that Margaret's prostration after the death of her husband continued to be interpreted as indicating profound grief, whereas it was in reality profound relief—the moment of staggering after a great load is lifted unexpectedly from overtaxed shoulders.

Clements Lumb sat back, frankly staring at the woman before him, whose sweet voice carried such calm defiance. He felt a little sense of vertigo for a moment, and then he said very gently:

"I think that it is unfair to argue with you just now. Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware of the premises in your supposititious case to make my opinion of any value. However, I think it very unsafe to begin to make exceptions in the great moral law of truth."

She smiled. Lawrence began that way fifteen years ago, however completely he abandoned it during the last years of their married life. There are few things so instinctive in a man as the generous belittlement of the female mind.

It was the first smile that had come to her face in weeks, and he thought into what a sweet face it was instantly transformed.

"Why we should suddenly apply other ethics than ordinarily lead us, the very instant it comes to a question of individual soul-saving, I cannot see, Father Clements. Your whole life is made up of the pretense of being interested in the detail of other lives: I smilingly stand to let another woman sit, when my body aches to keep the seat; we—you and I both—shake hands and smile into the eyes of people whose every fibre is either detestable to us or supremely indifferent. Life were impossible otherwise. If we applied those inexorable laws of truth you advocate, where should we be? Would the chaos which would follow be a gain? I seriously think that a little code of rules is much needed for the regulation of manners along the road to heaven."

He pushed back his hair excitedly and stared, with a side thought for his renowned deceased predecessor. As well as he had known her, he had never before heard her talk open heresy.

"Are you not perhaps confusing non-essentials with essentials, my dear Mrs. De Ro?"

"The one essential seems to me to be the manners, whether one is on the road to heaven or to market!" Her face was moved and flushed; she felt alive and warm once more.

A half-hour later he left her and walked up the avenue, oblivious of everything but his next sermon, and the next. Somehow, he

did not know why, but his rather fagged brain was sown with seeds for a half-dozen sermons, and he felt eager to get to work at them. And during his lonely dinner the thought came to him what a stimulus a woman like that might be in a man's life. Her very obstinacy gave something to whet one's literary teeth upon. If he had only had a sister like that—a widowed sister who would devote her life, her brains, to him and to his work!

The stimulus lasted thirty-six hours, and when he found some plausible reason for calling upon her again he was told at the door that

she had just gone with her friend to the country.

After Margaret's little chat with Clements Lu

After Margaret's little chat with Clements Lumb, which had taken so devious a path from her intention, Dione had entered the drawing-room and found Margaret sitting cowering, rigid, from a sudden nervous chill. The old impulse to combat, to stimulate, to revivify, to give out something, had suddenly returned to her, and she was not strong enough yet. She now needed to be given something herself. She had fed her husband, body and soul, for many years; he had needed more and more, like a morphine-taker; and she was so unutterably tired!

### III.

The two women went to a quiet road-side inn, an old haunt of Margaret's. It was about fifty miles from the city, and had existed in one form or another on the present site for almost a century. It was on the coach-road to the capital of the state, along which Colonial troops had tramped in early troublous times. It was now a fair-sized hotel, and at the front noisy horseless things came and went all day long. But the land at the back of the house was much as it was in 1800: a pretty, brook-divided meadow, wreathed in trees, and beyond that "The Mountain," as it was called with provincial hyperbole.

In the morning after breakfast, the day after they arrived at "The Inn" (all articles were definite in that haughty little village, which brooked no patronage and knew its traditions), Margaret said to Dione:

"I'm going to walk across that meadow over there to the first tree where the bushes are, and I want you to let me go alone."

"Ah, little mother, are you strong enough?" reproved the girl. Almost from the first she had called Margaret by that name, having no recollection of her own mother, dead many years.

"If you go with me, Di, I'll break down; if I go alone and have all the responsibility of the great deed, I'll be all right—I know myself!"

A look almost of mischief was in her eyes.

She walked very slowly along the path through the meadows, and finally passed out of sight behind some bushes of mountain laurel. She spied a little clump of late blood-root, and recognized it with a note of delight. She sank upon her knees to pluck one of the fair blossoms, as

she did so the "blood" pulsed out from the broken stem, one drop and then another, and for some reason the overwrought woman gave a sharp cry and fell upon the ground and lay there sobbing, one hand red with the juice of the blossom.

With her face close to the earth, she lay prostrate a long time; the sobbing passed, and two robins gossiped about her from their safe perch. The ground was warm; a white violet near by sent out its delicate perfume. There was a long silence, as if the whole world were sleeping its way back to refreshment, and then Dione came and found her; but she was wise and sat a little apart and waited in silence.

Doctor Wilmot's last instructions to the girl were a plea for sunshine, fresh air, and—"leave her alone," said he. "I'd like you to make her cry if you can, Miss Carr. A woman ought to cry, and a man ought to swear, when they're suffering; and if they don't, there's something wrong somewhere. I shall not come near you."

On the contrary, Doctor Eytel, who had seen them across the ferry and into their train, had said to the girl:

"I'll come next Sunday if I possibly can, to see—well, to see how things are going with Mrs. De Ro."

"There's not the slightest necessity for it," Dione had replied quickly. "I'll telegraph Doctor Wilmot if any one is needed."

Whereat he had twisted his moustache à l'Empereur and smiled into her resentful eyes and said with meaning:

"I am not willing to accept your mandate, my dear Miss Carr, as to a question of human needs;" and as she turned and walked away in silent fury, he laughed aloud.

After that hour in the meadow, with her cheek close to the earth, Margaret became her normal self, slowly at first, and then in great strides.

There was something big and primitive about Dione; she was like nature itself, given to long silences, her sympathy something to be sought for, not flaunted in one's face. She had always rested Margaret. She was so mentally withdrawn unto herself that she offered none of the small incessant friction of most feminine relationships. And, then, the evolution going on within the girl's nature was endlessly interesting to her friend.

At present Dione was in the midst of that fierce resentment which comes so often to girls nowadays, against the precise facts of existence on one hand, forced upon her by four years of college life, and her own exalted, over-civilized ideals, which repudiated her sex's traditional relation to life.

Margaret listened to the girl's plea for individualism, her protests, her tirades spoken with lips sometimes pale with excitement, her proud claim to the right to virginity; but she did little else than listen, knowing that the solution of the girl's problem lay in some man's hands, not in hers. And she knew also what the girl was too young to recognize: that the fact that she was so possessed by this phase of life, albeit the greatest, proved the poor child's vulnerability under that corselet of steel. Fortifications are generally built around a stronghold to cover points that are the weakest and the most probable of attack.

That Doctor Eytel had discovered something of all this for himself is quite possible. Perhaps therein lay the girl's charm for him, which he had felt from the first.

This possibility dawned upon Margaret one day while listening to the other two, and it stirred her into something of her old ardent interest in the human comedy, from which she had withdrawn—resting for awhile.

The three had wandered to the top of The Mountain one Sunday when Eytel appeared. They had been gathering the laurel blossom on the way up, and now they rested on the ground. Eytel had been tormenting the girl until her face was pale. Somehow, she could not take it lightly. It seemed to her as if it were the battle of all women against all men. Great things were involved, beyond the light words of this atrocious German-American. Margaret tried to help the girl to a lighter mood, but humor was very far from Dione when Eytel said, in reply to her labelling him frankly "impertinent":

"It's nature's impertinence, fair lady, not mine. You are wreaking upon me—as nice a boy as you'd find in a day's journey—your disrelish for a very ancient and honorable law: the admiration of a man for beauty in a woman. Why, women are made beautiful for that purpose! I can't help responding to it any more than a wire can help carrying an unwelcome message. Perhaps, after all, a sensitive, tightly-strung, truly refined wire does prefer to carry welcome news—

who knows!"

She looked away from him, breathing deeply, her blue eyes dark with excitement.

"It is vastly convenient for men to fall back on nature to cover a degeneracy so complete that even science has difficulty in getting back to her primitive forms, as created in the beginning of things!" she cried.

"Civilization—a condition painfully reclaimed from savagery—does not work backward, it works forward, else you and I, Miss Carr, would be dressed this minute in rabbit skins, and you—well, you would n't dare speak to me like that!"

" Not dare?" she laughed.

"No, for you'd know I'd pick you up and carry you off to my cave and keep you captive till you—apologized. So much for the advantage

of primitive conditions as compared with those of to-day!" Then he added quickly: "However, I'll go back to them any day you like—there are certain advantages, and I personally have no prejudices."

He threw back his blond head and laughed, and Margaret laughed too, hoping thus to clear the air of a surcharge of electricity, but Dione sprang up and walked rapidly away.

"She's exquisitely shy, your friend," he said finally, wiping his

eyes.

"Shy? Ah, doctor, she's a great many more things than shy-

poor child!"

"Trust a man about a few things, Mrs. De Ro: she's shy, I tell you, and it's perfectly fascinating. Do you know I'm in mortal terror lest I'm going to fall in love with her? Love is such a nuisance! It's an acute disease—no rest whatever until one is convalescent. The sheer insanity of jealousy—and there's no love without it—the insomnia, the dyspepsia, the fever and ague, the supersensitive condition known only to the neurasthenic—oh, the whole thing! I dread it unspeakably; and, moreover, I have n't time for it."

"A fairer diagnostician would not omit a twinge of joy now and then," laughed Margaret, who liked his healthy, direct acceptance of

life.

"Joy? Oh, yes, there is joy—a little. I'd almost forgotten it," he avowed, meeting her eyes with a look of childlike innocence; and then she held her hands out to him, and he helped her to her feet, and together they wandered down the path after Dione.

Two weeks later Margaret went back to the city and settled herself in an apartment. She had been left what is very wisely called "comfortable," because there was just enough money left her for her not to have to think of it. To suffer either the constant besetment of millions or the besetment of one's daily loaf of bread is equally removed from comfort. An absorption in the question of how to live generally puts an effectual stop to any real living.

Dione returned to her home in an adjoining state as soon as her friend seemed once more herself in body and estate.

The evening before she left, Doctor Eytel called, a very subdued, colorless replica of his old assertive self. Dione declined to see him, sending word by the maid that she was packing. The expression of his face as he listened told Margaret what she had already suspected—the dreaded disease was working in his blood!

"Mrs. De Ro," he broke out finally, after some desultory talk, "I've got it, and I've got it bad!"

"Yes, I know, poor doctor!"

"Well, you had no business to know till I told you!" he protested, smiling forlornly, his face flushing.

It was October, and already an open fire was in the grate. Eytel took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead irritably.

"Don't you think it's pretty warm for a fire?" he exclaimed.

"Go over there and read my thermometer, sir; it's hanging above the desk."

He did so. "I would n't have believed it," he said then—"it's only sixty-four!"

"I thought so," she said quietly.

He stood a moment, unconscious of what he was doing, his eyes on the door. To relax his mood, she chatted on:

"I'm a great believer in the psychology of the perpetual flame. It's the most beautiful of all symbols in so many religions. Where a woman is should be a home; the altar of a home is the hearth. Open the windows if you must, Doctor Eytel, but do not quench my fire!"

He dragged a chair towards her and tumbled into it.

"Help me, Mrs. De Ro. I'm abominably unhappy. As soon as I heard that she was going, I knew—knew in exactly one second that I—cared! Somehow, I never thought of her as going. I got it into my head that she would always be with you. I never even dreamed of her going! And I've done nothing all these weeks but deliberately make her hate me! The more she hated me, the more fun I got out of it. And now I want something else than hate from her, and it's too late! Make her come in, please, Mrs. De Ro, just for ten minutes—just for five minutes!"

"I cannot make Dione come in, doctor. She has a right to work out her own destiny unmolested."

"She's got to see me, that's all!" He sprang up and strode about tempestuously.

Margaret watched him and thought to herself: "Here I am, already back in the world of men! It is evidently my destiny."

After watching the restless specimen before her for a moment, she roused herself and said with her old gentleness:

"Come here, Doctor Eytel; sit down and listen to me."

"Yes? Yes?" he cried, leaning excitedly towards her.

"Dione will not come in to-night—I know it—but do you know, I like you very much indeed, and I will give you a cue which you can take up or not as you think best. Go without trying to see her; accept her refusal—it's rather clever to allow a woman a chance to regret her harshness. And one minute, please: a girl's first love letter from any man is second only to the first kiss from the man; and—oh, doctor, you are such an absurd fellow!"

He had seized her hand and shaken it violently, knocked over his chair, picked it up, and stormed out of the room and house, before Mrs. De Ro had stopped laughing.

### IV.

VERY few of the women of the former congregation of the Reverend Lawrence De Ro kept up more than a desultory acquaintance with his widow after the first six months of her mourning had passed. The general opinion was that whatever value she had had, whatever color, had been entirely reflected from that brilliant genius her husband, whose loss was felt to be irreparable, especially after listening to Clements Lumb's first sermon after his incumbency at The Four Evangelists. One quality of his sermon recommended itself to the men, at least, of the congregation: it was very short. The women felt at once that they must fall back once more upon his piquant personality for any religious stimulation.

One Sunday his text was taken from the dixit injustus of the Morning Psalter, and was a wonderful example of "concentrated scolding," as Margaret told him to his face; for she was there, sitting alone in the rector's empty pew, to which she had been shown with conspicuous tenderness. Immediately after the benediction Lumb had descended from the pulpit and given her a quiet but cordial greeting, an excess of courtesy that did not pass without Christian comment. He had just time for one sentence in defense against her smiling comment, which she instantly parried, and then her late husband's quondam flock gathered about her, and the rector slipped away to the vestry; but not before asking if he might give himself the pleasure of calling upon her some afternoon during the winter. He had felt the old energizing effect of her combative words even in those few sentences.

After that he fell into the habit of calling upon her Thursday afternoons, just after his sermon was done in the rough. He was not aware that there was this triangular, or any other geometric, sequence in his action; but the small, plain figure in conventional widow's weeds sat opposite him with an obscure smile, and his arguments dashed themselves into harmless spray against her clear sanity of mind, her humor, her keen suggestiveness of imagination, which left the glory of resultant achievement always to her listener.

Her reward—all she ever cared for—came one day when one member of the church said to another within her hearing: "He was timid; there's no doubt he was at first overwhelmed by the other's great reputation—look at the change in him!" And Margaret thought of the old Brahmin saying: "The deed does not perish," and was content.

There were three men, old friends of hers and Lawrence's, who called during the winter, at those mysterious orbital intervals which seem to bring a given woman recurrently above a given man's horizon. The woman who is wise enough to let psychic laws like these work unassisted has friends among men as long as she may live.

One of these periodical callers of hers was a professional musician,

an Italian by birth and temper, an ardent American in politics, a genius without the balance wheel of character necessary to any large achievement. He had repudiated a title and estate in Italy on political grounds. He had made himself unpopular in many lands; gained professional applause, and lost it in a sudden rage; won strong affection and squandered it. At forty-two Tony Spera was a rather pathetic bankrupt in several ways; organist in a Roman Catholic church, and intermittently a teacher of vocal music, according to the condition of his nervous system.

He was a targe, loosely built, loosely clad man, always awry as to cravats, and in that eternal need of a barber which seems in some occult way closely allied to music. He was extremely fond of his food and his wines, and yet had unquestionably the most brilliant mind with which Margaret had ever been in contact. He was the only human being who had ever mentally dominated Margaret, and he had from the first, ever since her husband had asked him to luncheon years before to meet the organist of The Four Evangelists, to talk over some impending musical changes of a rather radical nature. After the lunch, the two organists had rushed to the drawing-room and had fought out their discussion upon the battle-field of Margaret's piano; shoving each other off the stool brutally and taking brief possession to prove each his point in turn. She had been vastly amused at the delightful crudity of the scene, and then had fallen to, and by dint of much gentle laughter, tact, and evenly divided flattery had sent them away armin-arm.

From that day Spera's devotion to Mrs. De Ro had been one of Lawrence's connubial jokes, having all the vitality and longevity of its kind. Spera alone pooh-poohed quite frankly Margaret's opinions, defied her authorities, knocked down her arguments, and was wont to make his point in one startling sentence that would come zigzagging like lightning out of the intellectual sky.

The first time Spera called upon the widow, she was genuinely glad to see him, after her long seclusion. Her soul (her nerves, she would have said) was now rested, ready to receive and act once more upon the needs of other people's lives; and Spera demanded much, just as he gave much to each successive hour of his life in turn; for he lived by the hour, it might be said, there being no vistas in his life, either into the past or the future.

He quickly followed his card into the room, and approached Mrs. De Ro, held out his hand, stood looking at her for a moment, readjusting himself to changed conditions, then seated himself, all in that curiously sympathetic Italian silence that contains no consciousness of self. He looked very well that night; his long black hair was combed straight back from his rather bulbous forehead, his face was

smooth-shaven for once, and his evening clothes were at least intentionally good. His large, fat hands were always exquisitely clean and white.

"How well you look, signor!" Margaret cried. She called him so because her intuition told her that he liked his foreignness to be emphasized socially, although violently American politically. In the same way she knew the present rector of The Four Evangelists longed to be called "Father" Clements, and when alone with him she often humored him; to do what other people wanted one to do in little things—it was to have friends.

"So well did I look to myself in the mirror a half-hour back, that I wanted you to see me. I may never make so grand a toilet again! I said to myself: 'Tony, you are superb to-night; it is one of your great moments—the perennial youth of genius looks from your eyes. Do not let it be lost—show yourself to the woman whose opinion counts for the most in your life!' Ecco, signora!" He was on his feet bowing very low before her. They both laughed, and then he sat down and prosaically explained that he was due at half-past nine at a very great house up-town, where a clever amateur was to render two songs of Spera's own composition, the accompaniment for which the Italian insisted upon playing himself.

"It may bring me a vogue, signora, and it may not. One thing I promise myself: to leave the house instantly when my part is over—that there may be no embroilments," he said with entire seriousness.

"Promise me that also," she said; and he did so at once, very much as a child might.

After his first brief pose of being interested in his hostess, he began to be restless in the old supremely frank way; and in a moment she asked him to give her an idea as to the two songs.

He was at the piano before she finished the sentence, and she sat smiling behind him. It was all so familiar! Surely Lawrence would presently stroll in and look so bored that even Spera would see it and take his sudden departure, a prey to one more of the reactions that make up an artist's life.

"I have taken two songs of Browning's and translated them into my language. I mean this "—he plunged at the piano and ran his hands up and then down in chromatic chords, which ended in the bass, from which he began to improvise a harmony wandering off into tonal paths, already absent-minded, inspired by those whispering possibilities that came to him as soon as he touched a musical instrument—for he was master of several.

"And the songs?" she said presently, to bring him back. He started, for her voice was close beside him. She had followed and stood leaning her elbows upon the piano.

"Ah, yes, thank you. One is 'A Pretty Woman'—only three verses selected from the whole. You know the way it goes:

'That fawn-skin dappled hair of hers,
And the blue eye
Dear and dewy
And that infantine fresh air of hers!'"

"It sings by itself," said Margaret. "It seems to me all you had to do was to accompany it."

"Yes, of course; and I think you will see that I have not spoiled its own inherent melody. Listen!"

A curious soft, tender rush of minor chords, and then a slow swaying movement repeated twice, and then the crescendo again, in the major key, and then the interlude. Each verse was set in a different key, but the interlude was the same between the verses, the words of which he repeated in a low, monotonous voice.

When it was over he cried with an artist's acute sensibility to even silent criticism: "Well? Well? What do you think?"

"It will not do," she said very gently. He sprang from the piano stool and turned upon her with a violence that threatened severe damage to her person, if not complete annihilation. How familiar it all was! Poor dear old Spera!

"Oh! so it will not do, per esempio! And pray from what musical throne issues the bull of the feminine pope?" He struck his hands together. She smiled and watched him, and presently spoke:

"When you get quite through hating me for trying to help you, signor, I will—"

"Pardon, my friend, pardon—but you know my nerves!" His face was full of suffering and sudden humility.

"Yes, I know your nerves quite intimately; they are as much a part of you as your musical genius."

"Genius?" he repeated, beaming once more upon her. "I thought my papers had been given me—my passport!"

"Of course not! Who am I to judge your beautiful work as a whole? I meant only that your interlude, instead of amalgamating your triplet, separates each verse, disjoints the whole thing. So many interludes do!"

He bowed her to the piano-stool with burlesque elaboration.

"No, signor, I have not your hands, I cannot do it myself—alas, I can do nothing myself! Sit down, and I will show you."

He was placated at the outset by being accorded the instrument; to see any one else at it was a deep offense in itself.

"Now, this is all that I mean: your interlude sits between your

verses like a flinty-hearted, spectacled, old-maid chaperon! What we want is something infinitely tender and yet gay, the caressing toleration that men and nice old women have for a pretty woman's foibles."

"Ah-h-h!" came from the Italian, and with one dash he was at the key-board with his flexible hands, and, far beyond any conception of hers, he poured out a little harmony that fitted into its place in the whole theme.

Without speaking, he went over it twice from the beginning; then he tore a large, flabby note-book, black and shiny, from a pocket too small for it, and dashed down a few cabalistic signs, jammed the book back into its place, sprang up and left the room.

As the door closed with a loud bang, Margaret sank laughing into a chair: he had completely forgotten her existence! But he had remembered in time, and, wearing his black Inverness overcoat, his old opera hat in his hand, he opened the door with loud ejaculations, and was once more beside her, tossing back with a jerk of his elbow the long cape of his coat, and holding out his hand.

"I am a dog—a thief! I seize your jewel and run out with it into the night. I have no words to express my shame. And you? You are an angel! You give, give to us all, as a mother gives, and you ask nothing in return!"

He raised her hand very gently and kissed it with reverence.

"May I come again for the inspiration, dear signora?" he asked. It was the old cry.

"Yes, come again, my friend," she answered, and he was gone.
When alone she sat staring at the shaded lamp, and then a smile stole into her eyes:

"'As a mother gives, and you ask nothing in return'! No one ever said that to me before, and it is all true! And so it will be to the end. I do not understand, I do not understand!"

### V.

Months passed, and slowly Margaret's old habit of living in other people's lives reasserted itself. Those who had learned to lean upon her in the old days at the rectory found their way back to her, and she gave neither money nor coals nor cast-off raiment (there were plenty to do that), but she gave herself. She squandered her time upon them lavishly—her sympathy, her patient attention, her judgment—however weary she often was. If they came, they were never sent away empty-handed. Most of them wanted simply to be listened to—that was her charity; the seizing upon and making much of the germ of good always to be found if watched for, was her creed. Sometimes it was a clean-hearted boy, bewildered by the subtleties of his first love affair in its infancy, who used her social tact to steer by. Her afternoon would be

spent listening to his torrent of words, all very, very old to her, but fresh and new and wonderful to him; and after he was gone she would lean back, a little tired, and think to herself: "By helping that boy—another woman's boy—I give myself a son! I defeat nature herself!" And she would smile with closed eyes, from which now and then a tear stole and fell with a little sparkle upon her quiet breast. Or it might be a woman who came to Margaret—a wife weary and disillusioned, ripe for danger, demanding of life perfect happiness. And Margaret would listen again, with such gentle eyes that the woman felt absolutely sure of her entire sympathy until the listener spoke and said:

"Happiness comes out of one's own inner life, my dear, like a spider's web. There is no other, absolutely! Spin something out of yourself! Then only will you catch the dew-drop happiness. Give, give to

the end! It is our only salvation-we women."

And so it came to pass that Margaret's life was rounded out once more, and something of her weariness passed from her.

One day during the second winter of her widowhood she received a letter from Dione, from which she extracted exquisite amusement.

I am in so jangled and jarred a mood that it goes without saying that I turn to you, who alone seem to hear harmony in all things. An element has come forcibly, rudely, into my life, so foreign to my instinct, so repugnant to every fibre of me, that I find I cannot treat it with that indifference of which you once said I was so "abominably conceited." Yes, and you also said that "a woman who is indifferent is deformed and should study to hide it." Oh, you were very cruel to me that day, little mother! I have come to the conclusion that hate is more of an obsession than what poets call love. To hate a person very much is to be as much in his possession as if one did the—other thing. My whole life, my duties, my pleasures, are poisoned by this haunting detestation that I have for some one. It is too humiliating. How can I dominate this thing, and get it where it belongs: under my—well, my "military" heels?

It had been many a day since Mrs. De Ro laughed as she did after reading this letter from her young friend. And she cried aloud:

"All of that, every blessed word in it, spells Charles Eytel, and I strongly suspect that it's the beginning of the end, my poor Dione!"

It was a few days after that that Margaret discovered a slight return of her old insomnia and summoned Doctor Eytel.

She had not seen him for several weeks, and was shocked at the change in him. One lock of his light hair fell across his forehead and somehow gave such an impression of boyish helplessness that Margaret had to clasp her hands to keep from putting one up to smoothe the hair back into place, as he bowed before her, his heels together as he

had been taught when a little boy by his grandfather, who had been born and bred in the Fatherland.

She did not commit the error of forgetting that her surface motive for sending for him was a professional one, and so they gravely discussed and dismissed that before she said with casual cheerfulness, taking up a piece of fine sewing she had a way of keeping beside her:

"And how have you been, Doctor Eytel?"

"How have I been? Look at me! That's my answer"—his tone was decidedly truculent. "Look at that hand! It's not steady enough to shoe a plough-horse! I neither sleep nor eat, nor listen patiently to my patients' unending stream of woes—I've faked my work for months. 'How have you been?' It's an obsession, this thing—a confounded obsession—and I'm as helpless as a month-old baby! Do you know any way to overcome this outrageous thing? If you do, for God's sake, help me! Oh, you need n't look up with those surprised eyes! You know perfectly well what I mean, Mrs. De Ro. And you not only know my side; you know what remains hidden from me—her side—the girl whom I took such pains to make hate me! If I was as successful about all my efforts as I was in that idiotic one, I'd soon have a national reputation! The reception of a first love letter may have an epoch-making effect upon the virgin mind, but, by Jove! it works as nature does down underground, in the dark!"

"You're like most little boys who have planted a garden: you dig up your seed every ten or fifteen minutes to see how the radish is coming on, impatient of nature's slow, quiet way of doing things."

"You know something, Mrs. De Ro! You are keeping something back! You've been underground, and you know something about—my radish!" he cried, planting himself before her.

"As I was about to say, when interrupted by the aforesaid boy, all that is done in the face of advice from the head-gardener, a person of large experience"—she pointed towards herself, her face so full of kindly humor that he relented and sat down quietly before her.

"I wrote to her, as you suggested, Mrs. De Ro. I 've written eight—nine—I don't know how many times, and not one single line have I had in return. I might as well have posted them in a well! Not even a word of acknowledgment. It's not business-like, it's not etiquette, it's not even common decent good manners! Now, would n't you have thought that any ordinarily well-brought-up girl would——"

"I should have thought, Doctor Eytel, that your long experience in tentative therapeutics might have suggested to you that if a condition does not yield to one line of treatment, it might be found to yield to another."

"Going on to see her!" he cried at once.

"No, no-not yet. I mean, stop writing letters."

"I never thought of that!" he said, and an illuminating pause followed. She broke it by saying demurely, as she threaded her needle:

"Perhaps, as everything is so unpropitious, it were wise for you to direct your thoughts, your attention, to—some one else. There are

others, you know, and there's an old saying-"

"There is n't any one else!" he broke in. "Do you suppose I have n't been trying all sorts of things all these weeks? Do you suppose any man ever born surrenders his peace into any woman's hands without a fight? Why, of course I flew to the opposite of your friend—a small, sweet, lovable, light-haired, sunny little girl I know. I've been rushing her for weeks; and what's the result? Every time I look at her I see outside, framing that pretty little rococo outline, a large, strong, silent, cruel, cold woman who defies me, defies any and all men, to approach! And I want that silent, cruel woman—and no other! I want to break down that defiance and slash away that cuirass, and find the real woman encased in this abominable modern piece of armor called man-hatred."

"But, my dear young friend," expostulated Margaret, "can happiness ever eventually come out of such instinctive antagonism?"

"The happiness I want can come out of it, all right! There are all sorts of primitive things in me, and my true mate must needs be primitive, too. I'd be sure to choke a Dresden shepherdess sort of woman some fine day!" He wandered about disconsolate, and then returned to Margaret.

"She is lost in the jungle of hidden human motives, and I cannot find her! Is n't there some way that you can help me? It's considered the legitimate thing to laugh at a lover's woes, I know, Mrs. De Ro, but even while you laugh, down under it I know you always

understand, always sympathize."

"You may be sure of that, doctor, always. And now listen. I want you to promise me not to write to Dione for a month, and some Tuesday afternoon after four o'clock during that month bring your 'Dresden shepherdess' to see me——"

"In the name of wonder!" he ejaculated.

"I'm fond of girls, and dearly love a pretty one. And then—trust me and wait. Perhaps, if we listen, we shall some day hear Dione moving in her lair, and so capture her."

Within the next three weeks two letters were exchanged which might, if they had been intercepted and read, have illuminated the obscurity in Charles Eytel's mind as to Mrs. De Ro's plan of action.

MY DEAR DI:

I wonder if your father would let me have you for at least a fortnight? We are having all sorts of big things this winter in the musical line, and I hate you to miss them. We could go

very quietly to afternoon things. And perhaps some day, while you are listening to one master interpreting another, if you'll let yourself be lifted and carried away out on the boundless sea of tossing sounds, you may find life to be after all a simpler thing than you thought. I confess it has solved many things for me. If the Creator's voice does not speak to-day through Beethoven, then it has never yet spoken to this little world of ours—Jewish legends to the contrary! But pray don't quote me as saying so, or I'll come to Desdemona's end, smothered under the pillars and bolsters of the church!

Bye-the-bye, you remember that handsome young assistant of my dear old doctor's? Well, the other day he brought the prettiest little peach-blossom of a girl to see me. Maud Flitch is her name. A girl who I should fancy might very readily epitomize wife and mother to a man. He said in an aside to me, while she was talking to another caller (my blessed old Spera—of course you remember him!)—Doctor Eytel said: "Miss Flitch has a strong love of approbation among other nice traits, without which a woman can neither be happy herself nor make others happy." He is not looking well. I fear he is in a mood for masculine rash-doing.

Let me know whether I may count upon you for the next two Philharmonics, or whether I must fall back upon Miss Flitch or another of my girls. Of course, dear, I want you, preferably almost any one would.

The answer came by return mail, written very hastily, excitement showing in every line:

### MY DEAR MARGARET:

You are very, very kind. I do not know what to say. I am unfortunately in no mood "either to be happy or make others happy."

It seems to me the rewards of living—the endless fussy detail of it, from brushing one's teeth to bringing a child into the world—are so pitiably small! We beat ourselves and scarify our souls over a thing, and when examined that thing has flown off like thistledown on a passing breeze! Oh, it's all bitterness, emptiness, strife, discord! I can't see how you get anything else out of it—an intelligent woman like you. I'd like to burn up all my allotment of life—say seventy years—I'd like to burn it all up in one year in doing just one fine, big thing that should stand for the breath assigned me!

If you want me in this outrageous mood, I should-

Later: I have been off for a long tramp out of town, out over the fens. I must finish this and get it off to-night. If you can stand me, I should dearly love to go to you on the day you mentioned. I feel as if I were filching a pleasure from that beautiful Miss Flitch by accepting, for you would have taken her to the music; but her love of approbation has doubtless brought her many friends, while I have but one—my Margaret.

Mrs. De Ro sat for a long time smiling at the fire, a very contented little spider suspended in a web of her own weaving.

### VI.

Some days after Dione came, Margaret gave a small dinner and invited four men: Doctor Eytel, "Father" Clements, Tony Spera, and another, still older friend of hers and her husband's, John Gordon, a business man—the president of an insurance company—to whom Lawrence De Ro had for years deferred all questions relating to finance, both personal and those inevitably connected with the church militant. He was a widower, fifty years old, and had two grown children, both of whom were married.

Gordon's most noticeable physical quality lay in an exceptional nicety of proportion in his body, from head to foot; his most salient mental quality was his entire sanity of thought, tempered by a keen sense of humor.

A very prosperous, sanguine, healthy American, who hid his sentiment as if it were a crime, parading only his levity with national persistence. His ideals were as well preserved as his teeth, his principles as straight as his spinal column. His whole being radiated cleanliness, optimism, law and order. Egotists, people with petted little fads, the pessimists, the decadents, found John Gordon repellently unsympathetic.

He and Mrs. De Ro had for many years laughed much together over many things, and that is an excellent foundation upon which to base a friendship which shall outlast the physical changes such as each had seen in the other during the dozen years of their association.

What had really set him rather apart in her mind from the first was the fact that he alone, among all the people she knew, wanted nothing from her. He had no domestic troubles to confide to her, his love affairs he kept quite to himself; he had no talents to be coddled as Spera had, no mission of eloquence to be inspired as had her husband and Clements Lumb. Instead of which, Gordon brought to her his best anecdotes, the latest bon mot, or perhaps one of those inconspicuous little books that slip quietly into the world and are so often most worth the reading. Sometimes it was a rose or two, a lotus with its sympathetic leaf, or a few sweet-peas, for which he had once heard her express her strongest liking.

The night of the little dinner was the first time Margaret and he had met since before her husband's death, for Gordon had been for over eighteen months on a tour around the world, on one of those semi-professional journeys which make it possible for an American man to travel extensively and yet retain his self-respect.

As Margaret finished her simple toilet that evening, a black grena-

dine unrelieved, she was aware that for her she was looking very well. She was conscious of a little thrill of excitement, owing, of course, to the fact that Doctor Eytel was coming, and had not been told of Dione's arrival. Margaret, after long cogitation, determined not to tell him, unless he declined the invitation. He accepted it. Hence there was cause for that color on her cheek, that light in her hazel eyes.

Margaret had had all her life a plain woman's passionate longing for beauty, but was so sensitive that she never referred to it with that peevish insistence which marks the less sensitive femme laide. She looked at herself in the glass with a yearning pathos—this middle-aged woman—and said half-aloud, as lonely people do: "You have a skin, but no complexion; you have good sight, but no eyes; a healthy body, but no figure. Ah, my dear, sometimes I think if only your soul could show through that unfortunate face, it would not be so hopeless!"

No one ever suspected it, for her reserve was fathomless, but her toilet was at all times most painstakingly made. Every day of her life, she gave much time and thought to it, and had slowly, heart-brokenly, evolved the fact that an almost fanatic cleanliness combined with simplicity—a restful simplicity of color and outline—was all that was left her.

Just as she was about to turn off the electric light in her room, Dione knocked and entered, bearing a square box.

"This has just come, little mother, and I told Ann I'd bring it in to you."

"Why, I wonder—flowers, of course, but from whom? Perhaps they——" and then she stopped abruptly, for she thought at once of Charles Eytel, and Dione must not be aware that he was coming. The two must meet with a clash of emotion, and see what would come of it!

The widow cut the silver string, and, opening the box, discovered a great bunch of white sweet-peas and delicate ferns, and a card bearing the name "John Gordon," beneath which was pencilled:

To show you that neither time, distance, nor the seeing of many women's faces has made me forget your taste in flowers.

She handed the card to Dione in silence, and carried the flowers to the other side of the room in search of a receptacle.

"I did n't know men ever did nice things like that," murmured the girl, fingering the card. Then she started and cried in another tone: "You must wear some of these. I think a sweet thing like that deserves recognition and—encouragement."

"Oh, must I? Do you really think I ought to, Di? It seems such a girlish, obvious sort of thing to do—I detest obvious things, as you know. Do you honestly think——?" Margaret stood hesitating.

"Yes, I honestly do!" laughed Dione, and she went to her friend and detached a few of the white blossoms and a bit of feathery fern, and, stooping, pinned them on Margaret's breast, saying with a tenderness which would have astonished any one else:

"Dear little mother! She will have men about her as long as she lives. The greatest belle of the day, only so sly about it that the other women have n't found her out! No salon for her—she knows too much for that! One at a time—that's her little specialty!"

"Don't say such things to me, Di!" Margaret suddenly cried excitedly. "I'm done with all that side of life forever! My soul is tired through and through. I want only my peace and a little kindness."

It seemed to Dione as if they had abruptly changed places, and somehow it softened the girl's mood and brought into her face all that was needed to make her beautiful.

Dione wore a light yellow crêpe gown, with a splash of black velvet, with a jewelled centre, on the breast. Her arms and shoulders were firm and full, and shone like marble. However at variance the girl's mind might be from current conventions, her position socially (added to her refinement) admitted of no special divergence in the matter of clothing her body—for which Margaret had long been duly thankful.

Dione's unusual height was intensified by the length of her gown that night, and she never made the mistake of deprecating her length of limb by a drooping carriage. Her eyes were dark blue, her eyebrows black and finely arched, her hair arranged low and close to her head.

The two women went to the drawing-room of the apartment, which was all on one floor; and they had not more than seated themselves when Doctor Eytel was announced, and he entered, a really superb creature in his evening clothes, which so become some men, and so caricature others.

Margaret could have clapped her hands, his entrance was so propitiously timed. She swept towards him and shook his limp hand warmly, turning towards the girl and saying in so indifferent a tone that she wondered if she were overdoing it:

"Dione, I feel sure you must remember my friend Doctor Eytel. There! Do you know I forgot to put the rest of my flowers in water—my poor little, helpless flowers! Where did I leave them, Di? Do you remember where I put them after you detached these I am wearing?"

Margaret was nearer being fussy in voice and manner than she had ever been before in her life, as she walked hurriedly towards the door. She was gone only five minutes, when she returned carrying a bowl of iridescent glass filled with the sweet-peas.

During those five minutes Eytel took instant possession of the

chance given him, and held it in such firm hands that Dione was left helpless, white, panting, too stunned and excited to get back her old poise before Margaret's return.

The man had stood in his place only long enough to bow in silence as Mrs. De Ro left the room, and then he went directly to the girl, and before she knew his bent he had seized her ungloved hands and held them forcibly against his breast, shutting his eyes and saying with almost a groan:

"At last—at last I've found you! I have been in such agony of soul that even now, when I have you here, so close to me that I do not dare open my eyes and look at you lest I forget myself entirely—even now I cannot yet let go my suffering, but must finger it as a man always does a wound. The joy, the great gladness, will come a little later. Does a woman ever know her power to create heaven and hell in a man? I think not!"

After the first instinctive struggle, it had seemed to Dione less hideous to stand perfectly still and freeze, after one look at his face, white and drawn with the intensity of his emotion. Once she whispered: "How dare you? Let me go at once! How dare you?" It produced no effect whatever; he still clung to her hands, pressing them against his broad breast.

When he spoke again it was gently, with a little heartbreak in his voice:

"You must be kind to me—you must not torment me any more—please, please! I'm going to try and make you care a little for me this time. I'm going to be so gentle, so tender——"

"You are beginning well!" she panted.

"Ah, my darling, just this first starving moment—you must forgive that! Have you ever put food before a starving man? Well, if you had, you would understand. See, I will let you go now. I will open my eyes and then let you go! I don't suppose you comprehend what that means either!"

He released her, and she turned from him and fled across the room, crying:

"I understand nothing except that you have revolted my soul!"

He felt the old impulse to laugh; but he had learned wisdom through suffering, and he said quietly:

"Perhaps the woman's soul that is revolted by a man's great love has something to learn;" and then Margaret entered, intent on her flowers and chattering unwontedly, trying the effect of them first in one place and then in another about the room, and demanding the undivided attention of the other two. Spera then arrived, Lumb followed, and last of all came John Gordon. The others were all gathered about Dione, after greeting their hostess, so the last arrival found an oppor-

tunity to say to Mrs. De Ro, as he looked down in a pleased way at his flowers on her breast:

"I've been laying bets with myself all the way down whether you'd honor me by wearing two or three of them or not."

"Who won?" she laughed, responsive at once to his individual conversational touch.

"Vanity won! The other fellow, who lost—who was willing to double or quits——"

" May I know his name?"

"My knowledge of you, dear lady."

"Then you knew me less well than you thought?"

"Happily, yes. And yet I ought to have known you would sacrifice yourself always to give pleasure to another. Well, I'm pleased, all right! And I thank you, and it's even jollier to get back to—everything than I dreamed."

She had half forgotten how well he knew her, she who was so

accustomed to remaining unknown.

"You've had the lower register tuned—good!" broke in Spera, who could no more resist an open piano than can water resist a downward incline. He was compromising with himself by not sitting down to it regularly, and he stood playing a torrent of chords, his head turned towards their hostess. She laughed and went to him. He smiled impudently sideways into her face, his hands still caressing the keys.

"Ha! That's what I wanted! I said to myself just now: 'Antonio, see if you can take her away from that man over there, who has the air of having had the world created for him—to order, as you say. He has always epitomized to me the Anglo-Saxon spirit—the male Anglo-Saxon: their coldness as of ice, their confounded air of commanding everything within the sight.'"

"Stop abusing my countrymen," she laughed. "I shall punish you. They do command one thing that I can recommend to the Latin

attention: they command themselves."

Then dinner was announced, and they trooped in informally.

Margaret always claimed that her dinners were only sufficiently good to make it possible to think of something else.

She had put the musician at the other end of the table, opposite her. And when he loudly crowed his delight at the honor, she replied quietly that it was a protective measure, founded upon an acquaintance with a certain national love of devastating gesture. His crestfallen air between upraised hands furnished the laugh with which the dinner began.

Margaret had not made the mistake of placing Eytel next to Dione; they were apart, but opposite. The man showed his complete absorp-

tion in the girl's presence by staring at her with that disregard for appearances which marks the lover in the acutest febrile stage of the malady. Dione showed an almost equal absorption in Eytel's presence by entirely ignoring him, and talking to Mr. Spera, who was on her right, with extraordinary warmth and a sparkling interest which made her for the moment very bewitching, very feminine.

Leaning back and looking about the table, it suddenly shot through Margaret's mind that there was something curiously significant underlying this almost haphazard getting together of a few intimate friends. There on the one hand was "Father" Clements, a man at war with nature, and on the other the girl fighting the same battle in her own way. Was the world drifting slowly towards some new and undreamt-of socialistic evolution? Or was the bachelor maid of to-day only the latest incarnation of the Vestal Virgin of Palatine days? Less picturesque, certainly, and stripped to-day not only of her ancient mystic power, but repudiating the still older power of her womanhood.

And then there opposite her was the artist, Spera, a cross between a thunder-storm and a rainbow; a creature of tremendous force; one moment as tender as a woman when she loves, the next a supreme brute. And there also were the other two men, Gordon and Eytel; healthy, sane, dans l'ordre in every instinct. And so the world went on its way and was peopled!

Margaret smiled and her face relaxed. As usual, she forgot to tabulate herself.

The Reverend Clements Lumb was in one of his fiercest, most repellent, most discordant moods, as Margaret had seen at once. The first time her quiet eyes met his, full of strife and unrest, he said to her in a low tone:

"I should not have come, you see."

"Yes, I see; but all the more reason for coming. Am I a friend only to the best of your moods? You know better."

"But you have mistaken mine; it's rooted in the best that's in me."

"No, it is n't! Our best moods are our happiest—it's their hall-mark! Yours to-night is rooted in dissatisfaction with yourself—there, you see, I did know! Well, I personally know of nothing so profitless. It's like a Frenchman's everlasting 'Pardon!' preceding and following every conceivable rudeness. If something's wrong, why not mend it, instead of regretting it?"

"When one is forever falling short of one's ideal, Mrs. De Ro, it seems to me that regret does one honor."

"It seems to me much more likely that something is the matter with the ideal. Lots of people's ideals are out of focus."

"Out of focus with what line of the visual angle?" he cried impatiently.

"Out of focus with—happiness! Every commandment that was ever written is comprehended in: 'Thou shalt be happy.'" Again the old longing for a widowed sister like Margaret stirred within him, and his unhappy eyes dwelt upon her happy ones in silence for an instant before he replied, smiling at her:

"Chaos worse confounded!"

"More than now? I doubt it. Happiness can be attained only in one way, the same old straight path you priests are so fond of referring to as thorny and narrow—instead of telling us of the hawthorn blossoms and their sweet perfume, and the honey for the bees working in the sunshine! I used to tell Lawrence that he and his kind were not good 'runners' for the hotel they represented." Afar off, coming towards him, Lumb spied his next Friday evening lecture to the young people, and his thoughts became introverted for a moment, and then when he started to reply to her he found her attention diverted to the other end of the table.

An argument between Spera and Eytel was in noisy process—something about music. Dione silently beamed encouragement upon the Italian, as Margaret soon saw, and she deemed it one of the most encouraging signs of dawning femininity in her young friend that had yet come under her observation. Gordon laughed jovially through it all. In a pause Margaret remarked to the table at large, in a voice calculated to soothe:

"One can count so surely upon the element of temperament in you dear Europeans over there! Oh, yes, doctor, you're very Prussian, after all. I like it so! I never give a dinner without one or two, if I can help it. I wonder if we Americans are ever going to develop a temperament? I, for one, see no signs yet—nerves are not temperament, are they?"

"You are right!" shouted the man of music, defying with a flashing eye any and all of Eytel's possible opinions on any and all subjects.

"There may not yet be an American temperament, but there's temperature, and it's subnormal!" fulminated Eytel, his eyes burning into Dione's icy face.

"Wrong!" cried Spera. "The national temperature in this country is, above all things, normal, temperate. It is inherent in any republic that would succeed! France has surprised the world—why? She has always had the little cool pulse under all her noise, the pulse that has kept count of the centimes through all the centuries of her political upheavals. Am I not right, signora? You always understand."

"Perhaps Doctor Eytel and Mr. Spera have misread our national—well, thermostat, to use a familiar insurance word," remarked Gordon, in his cheerful impersonal way. "The passion and heat of the

American nature have gone off so far into work, from those first days of tree-felling to the daily orgy at the stock exchange. Now that the first dire need of all that frenzy is passing, I often wonder what the next national outlet for our enormous energies is going to be. Europe need n't ticket us yet—we're still unfinished, we Yankees!" There was not one at the table who did not want to speak the instant he stopped and looked about him, and he exchanged smiles with Margaret. No wonder people never declined her invitations to dinner, and never had the remotest idea what they were eating, such was the necessity for gaining a hearing among her guests.

"Is war-conquest-to be our next outlet, now that the trees are all cut?" asked "Father" Clements, in his high, irritable voice.

"Our humor is too keen for that, I hope," said Margaret, and Gordon nodded his approval.

"Let us hope art will come in for America's titanic, dynamic attentions some day—ah, then!" quoth Spera, shaking his head prophetically.

"When that comes to a nation, it is the same old beginning of the same old end," said Gordon, busy with a pecan nut. "Examples readily suggest themselves."

"Art is a nation's 'Swan Song' always, you will admit that, Mr. Spera"—Dione spoke with almost unseemly tenderness, beaming upon the man, for whose blood Eytel at the moment thirsted.

"It seems to me, Mr. Gordon, that all these generalizations on national differences are specious—showy, of course, but specious," remarked Eytel, in a rational, soft-voiced way intended to form a pleasing contrast to the Italian's excitability.

Looking across the table, Dione said:

"Margaret, who was it said:

"The world in all doth but two nations bear, The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere?"

"Good!" cried her friend. "I think we may safely leave the last word with Dione, and adjourn to the other room for coffee. Oh, you incorrigible over there, cease frowning at me—you may have your cigarette there, too. Surely, signor, you have not forgotten my little ménage;" and she rose from the table.

As they walked through the hall to the drawing-room, Eytel found a chance to say to Dione, who was directly in front of him:

"Good evening!" She was surprised into a quick look around at him.

"I just wanted to remind you that I was here, that's all. In fact, there are three other men here in all, besides—Verdi, or Donizetti, or

whatever his name is!" To the girl's perfect horror, she began to laugh, an utterly irresponsible sense of the ridiculous taking possession of her. Man-like, at the first signs of relenting, he fancied all was won and seized her hand and made himself generally obnoxious, and in an instant Dione looked as if she never had laughed and never would, however many years her life's span might cover.

Margaret sat once more between Gordon and Lumb, stirring her coffee and quite conscious of the unspoken antagonism between these two men also. She felt strongly the mental vibrations criss-crossing through her between the two, and somehow it stimulated her mind as nothing had done since he who had been wont to use her brains had

passed out of her life.

In reply to something Lumb had said in praise of individualism, Gordon remarked:

"There's a tenet of Eastern faith I personally like lots better than that: 'A true view of life requires us to merge our individuality in the universal Self.'"

Lumb said quickly: "Must we go as far as that for our authority, Mr. Gordon? There—"

"May I go as far as China?" interrupted Margaret sweetly, to head off Biblical quotations which she felt impending, and for which on such occasions she had a strong aversion. "Was n't it some wonderful old Chinaman who said: 'To be seeking to allow no selfish thoughts—that is selfishness.'"

"Thank you!" exclaimed Gordon. "All religions that I have ever come across lead inevitably to that: introverted thought, introverted purpose. Look for instance at the celibate monks all round the world. Perhaps they do save their own souls—I sincerely hope so, for they

work hard enough."

Lumb's face was white, but Gordon swept cheerfully on, ignorant of houses of glass in his vicinity—and Margaret was helpless. "A celibate is a man," quoth the widower, "who demands applause for breaking the only natural commandment we are dead sure about. A plain bachelor is much more refined; he only demands—occultation," he added below his breath, suddenly aware of his audience.

Margaret arose and asked Spera for some music, and the evening ended leaving him in command of the stage, to his soul's great con-

tentment.

At the dinner-table Margaret had made up her mind that Dione's real attitude towards the man who loved her would not be tested until the two women should be alone together. If the girl told what had happened before dinner, when left alone with Eytel, she did not love him; if she hid what she evidently conceived to be his crimes, there was hope for the lover.

After the men had gone, she was given every opportunity to speak, and she said nothing.

Once it seemed as if she was about to, when Margaret stood looking

down at the embers in the fireplace and remarked:

"I feel such a tremendous excitement to-night, Di. I wonder why! Perhaps because our men fought so the whole evening long. Nothing stimulates women like antagonisms among men—I strongly suspect it's a survival common to every female heart that ever was created."

"And an antagonism between a man and a woman, little mother?" asked the girl, standing beside the bowl of sweet-peas, her head lowered.

"Oh, my dear child, all that's only attraction wearing a black domino and mask!"

The head bent low over the white blossoms, inhaling their fragrance, and the maid made no response. The widow smiled.

### VII.

But it was destined to be a long siege before the girl, within the fortress of her unassimilated womanhood, capitulated to the man who now loved her absorbingly.

He had met many women, as a man of thirty and a physician necessarily must, but never one of Dione's type—in flesh and blood, at least. He had read or listened to several lectures, and taken lively part in several resultant discussions, on this rapidly crystallizing type among women of to-day; and he had always felt strongly impatient of the whole anomaly. But to meet a very handsome, very tantalizing neophyte of the order, he found to be a much less simple proposition.

During the month of Dione's stay with Mrs. De Ro he managed to have several drawn battles with her. He had resorted to ambuscades, undermining, diplomatic parleyings under the white flag. In despair, he finally went back to his old teasing manner, with which he began the acquaintance.

Only once, towards the end of her visit, did it seem to him, for a moment, that he had unexpectedly broken through her defense.

He had met her walking home, some squares away from Mrs. De Ro's apartment (not at all a thing to be wondered at, if his recent habits had been exposed), and he crossed the street, raised his hat in response to a stony recognition, and continued on at her side. He serenely followed her into the house, along the hall, into the elevator. When Ann held open the door hospitably, in he stalked after Dione's silent figure.

As she was putting her umbrella in the stand, she said in a low tone:

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"I fear I shall have to ask you to excuse me. It is Mrs. De Ro's afternoon at home, and I must make some change."

He took out his watch.

"It is exactly twenty-three minutes past two, and you know as well as I do that society does not wake up a second before four at the earliest. I will go at three—no, I won't; I'll go at half-past three. That will give you time. You are a rapid dresser—Mrs. De Ro told me so."

It was such things as that which infuriated her! She who was swathed in countless layers of reserve, her soul infinitely aloof from the profaning sight of men's eyes, was, in the blasphemous words of

this man, "a rapid dresser"!

But she knew he was capable of going to any lengths in order to gain his own purpose, and, after all, she too was only a guest there, so with curling lips she led the way to the drawing-room. She sat with her hat, veil, and even gloves still on, a superb picture of silent antagonism.

He stood before her a moment, looking down at her, and then he could no more help laughing than he could help breathing. Consumedly he laughed, his head thrown back. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, but she never retreated before the hostilities of the enemy—only before his seductions. She began to take off her gloves absent-mindedly, with trembling hands.

"You are so unutterably delicious, my dear!" he exclaimed. "I am more and more in love with you every hour, more and more

pleased."

"You are very easily pleased!" She laughed scornfully, twitching

"No, I'm not—not by a long shot. I'm very difficult to please. If you'd only consent to marry me, you'd soon see the truth of my statement."

"I'm quite willing to lose the argument," she replied crisply, smoothing her gloves very carefully over her knee. Again he laughed; the mere ecstasy of seeing her, being near her, at first outweighed all other considerations; he was mad with happiness each time—at first; then the old suffering returned, the old gravity, the old longing for more.

With a complete change of voice and manner, he sat down beside her, and after a silence said wistfully:

"If I thought that your indifference to me—to speak with moderation—was entirely personal, I should long ago have accepted my congé and gone on my way——"

"Can you suggest any new ways of convincing you?" she inquired.

"But it is my firm belief that you are quarrelling with an abstraction—a thing stuffed with last year's hay. Confess, now, that any man,

all men, would be as detestable to you as I am, in your present neurasthenic state of mind! If you'll confess that—such is my degradation— I'll go away ten minutes before I said I would. There's a chance for you!"

"I can conceive at this moment of no one who could so successfully embody all that I——"

"Never mind, I know the rest. I'll stay my full time now, to the last bitter second of it." There was a pause, during which she slipped off her heavy coat, refusing his assistance. Then he sat down again and said gently:

"In all human intercourse there is always a silent conversation going on under cover of all words that pass between two people, is n't that so? 'Blessed silence,' you say? Yes, it's blessed with me, and I was about to tell you what your silence says to me under your outrageous words. It says—but never mind that just now; I don't want you to go away. I'll tell you a little of my silences instead—of why I hope on, and will not give you up. The shape of your head, the way you wear your hair—your hair is so pretty, dear!—the outline of the brow and chin as you sometimes sit half-turned from me, all and much more, have been a life-long picture of my ideal—the ideal of my wife. Now, you can't expect a fellow to go back on his ideal!"

She did not answer, but her eyes looked less belligerent, her mouth relaxed. She began automatically to withdraw the pins from her hat and veil. He watched her with a lover's breathless interest in the small intimate doings of the woman he loves. Somehow, he found great satisfaction in this slow, silent taking off one by one of her street wrappings. It seemed symbolical to him. It was just such things as that that bade him hope.

She put up her hands and drew out a long hat-pin, and Eytel watched her nervously, as a man does all reckless handlings of that dangerous thing, a pin. Then Dione put up her hands again and felt about for the sister pin, and could not find it. He got up quickly and stepped behind her chair.

"May I find it for you?" he asked, his voice registering his heartbeats.

"Certainly not!"

"But I see it! It's got a piece of purple glass on the end of it."

"'Purple glass'! That's an amethyst, if you must know," was the haughty reply.

"Well, then, it has an amethyst on the end of it. It's under some woolly stuff on the hat, and you'll never find it. Please let me just pull it out for you! Such a simple little thing as that—please! You see, I don't really touch anything but the glass—I mean the amethyst—and the woolly stuff."

"Thank you, I can find it myself," she said, her white fingers running in and out all over the hat.

"Your fingers look like a lot of white mice running down a scent of toasted cheese," he said tenderly.

"Oh-h!" she ejaculated, taking down her hands at once.

"Now, listen, dear," he began, his tone hideously marital to the girl's burning ears. "Just let me take one of your forefingers and carry it to the hidden lair where at this very moment the bright purple glass eye of your hat-pin glares forth at me. Come, now! It's bad for you to sit in this warm room with your hat on—very bad. Those things produce premature baldness—truly they do."

She made no answer, and he suddenly gave way to a teasing impulse, and stooped over her shoulder with a laugh, seized her hand, and carried it to her head, and touched the jewel with her fingers. To his amazement, she docilely withdrew the pin. Making a sudden dive around her chair, he caught the expression of her face before she was

aware of it.

Her head was tilted slightly back, her eyes were shut, the whole expression was softened and relaxed; the look of boyish sullenness in her young face was gone. She took a deep inhalation through her flattened nostrils—he had seen much the same look on the face of a woman to whom he had administered chloroform. His heart stood still. She opened her eyes, they met his in a frightened sort of way, and then she sprang to her feet and fled. And once more within his breast hope was on tiptoe with distended wings, ready for the blue ether.

That evening Margaret went to Dione's room, and the girl insisted on brushing her friend's hair, in hope of relieving a nervous headache. Dione stood behind Mrs. De Ro and continued the long, slow movement

of the brush for some time in sympathetic silence.

Then, with a catch in her breath that was not lost upon Margaret, she said:

"Little mother, may I ask an intimate question?"

"Certainly, dear child."

"You seem more completely in accord with the traditions of feminine life than any woman I know. The time-honored traditions, I mean, with pretty names that cover slavery in some form—slavery to man. And yet you are so sensitive, so exquisitely refined, and, above all, you are blind to nothing! I can understand such an acceptance of the life by one of the light-weight women—but you! I do not understand—I cannot!"

Never before had Dione touched upon anything so intimate, or at least approached it in so chastened a mood.

Margaret thought a moment before answering. When she spoke her voice was a revelation even to Dione, so full was it of grave tenderness.

"Once when I was a young girl, Di, I was left in charge of my cousin's baby, a four-weeks-old scrap of femininity. The mother and nurse had gone out for the first short drive. You can fancy my excitement and anxiety. Well, the little thing promptly lifted up her voice and screamed unremittingly every moment of the hour they were gone. I walked with her, I rocked her, I trotted her on my knee, I sang, I cooed, I coddled—to no purpose. When the nurse entered, it was to find us both tightly clutched together, both wailing loudly, disfigured with tears and despair. She took the poor gasping, trembling atom and straightened out its twisted garments, lifted and laid its tiny head against her broad, warm bosom, and held it there, with a strong, quiet arm closely clasped about the huddling little thing. In two minutes the baby fell asleep. I watched and wondered.

"'She wants to feel somethin' tight and sure and quiet about her, miss—they're so helpless-like, and only you between them and the floor—and then the comfort comes to 'em. Look at her now!'"

Dione did not speak; the brush was still. Presently Margaret continued:

"The sooner we women stop our screaming, our futile protests, and recognize the 'tight, sure, quiet' laws of existence, the sooner comfort will come to us—and to others. For, fight as we may, Di, the law that created and governs our womanhood is 'sure.' Nature's brand upon us is too deep ever to be obliterated by any conception of existence the finite mind is capable of imagining. We are the most beautiful, the most complex, of Nature's many instruments used to one common end—increase. Beyond that? The purpose of it? No one born of woman, no myth born of man's imagination, has ever known aught of the purpose of it all."

"It is horrible to me!" burst from the girl, with almost a sob.

"The wind scatters seed, the sun fructifies, the very moon opens some flowers to the caress of the night insect which alone fertilizes it. It's all beautiful, child, if you will only once yield to the firm, sure arm of nurse Nature, and find comfort, as the baby did long years ago."

"And the thing men call-love?" panted the girl.

"Nature in generous mood hid our duty in a bunch of red roses! Suppose she had pitchforked it at us—it's quite supposable. It's all so beautiful—that far-off harmony in all things—if we would stop screaming and listen."

Dione went over to the window and looked out into the winter night. A sleigh went by, with its brief laughter of tiny bells. And then the maiden turned and stared at her friend, and Dione's face was so pale, so wild-looking, that the widow called her to her, pulled her dark head down, and kissed her. And then Margaret arose and left the room in silence, closing the door very gently.

#### VIII.

AFTER Dione had gone, which she did without again seeing Doctor Eytel, something happened in Margaret's life which disturbed that marked serenity of soul which so impressed the girl the night of their chat together in her room.

Once having recovered from the first shock, after her husband's death, a period of rare peace came to Margaret. She had enough wherewith to live quietly, she was unfailingly interested in people, and while having no accomplishments of her own (Lawrence used to give thanks for that!) she was passionately fond of all the arts in all of their ramifications. Her life was by no means empty, for very few days passed that did not bring to her a mother ignorant of resources; a young wife in rebellion against the still more sacred duty ahead of her; a youth in need of a good woman's talk, who neither sought to redeem nor scolded nor flattered—just understood him, and smiled encouragement into his fretful eyes.

She was very well satisfied to drift on into old age, if such were to be her lot.

No thought of any fate less serene entered her imagination, so the afternoon that Antonio Spera asked her to marry him brought a great shock to her. She had for so many years associated freely with men of all sorts and ages, she had for so long treated them with motherly good nature, helped, soothed, berated, and laughed at them, that Spera found her completely off her guard when he suddenly spoke to her, after an hour at the piano one early spring day, when together they had successfully worked out a theme that had been tantalizing him for months.

They had left the piano, and she continued standing, because Spera was one of those men, known to every hostess, who never know the hour and have to be gently ejected. His desire to remain was so childishly apparent that she was about good-naturedly to yield to it, when he came swiftly towards her and said in his great sonorous bass:

"Margaret, will you be my wife?"

She had had no idea that he even remembered her Christian name, for she had a way of signing her informal notes with her initials.

"You must be joking, my dear signor," she said, laughing, turning away. She knew that men were extremely delighted to retreat sometimes after a tentative advance induced by a momentary emotion, and she gave him his chance.

He turned upon her like a whirlwind.

"So? I must be joking! You find it fonny!" (It was one of his few imperfections of pronunciation.) "Precisely why, may I ask, Mrs. De Ro, must it be a joke to ask a woman to be one's wife?

I fear I am missing the point, and I dislike to miss the point of a joke!" He was pale, with splotches of color on his excited, moist face.

"The joke is on me, Signor Spera, not you," she answered gently. "I am a very plain old woman, and I could not at first take as serious your honoring me by wishing me to be your wife."

"Yes, such is my wish, such is my dream by day and by night," he

replied, in a rapid, matter-of-fact way.

Then just as she felt creeping over her her old weariness of humanity's banality, he said one of those things which show the utter futility

of all summarizing anent human nature:

"You old! You have the endless youth of art, Margarita mia. You represent not so much a woman, but Woman, as a perfect statue does, in the eyes of every man who knows you. Oh, I know—I see many things about you! You are in the old accord with nature of the last régime—when women ruled emperors—it is getting very rare nowadays, very precious. As for your other protest, it may be that a woman's body attracts a man for a little; it is her soul alone which keeps him—her penetralia mentis. Be my wife! Let me have you always near me as my inspiration in my work. No one comprehends as you do."

"The superb egoism of the man!" she thought, but she said very

gently:

"Come always to me for that. Accept as a gift what I cannot give you as a right. I am sorry, but I cannot."

After a brief exhibition of the side of his nature not quite up to the level of the rest, he stormed out of the house.

The incident, more or less absurd, more or less distasteful to her, had in the end a profound effect upon her. It opened a door she had supposed wa'led up forever. It thrilled her out of all proportion to its intrinsic value. Youth has not quite gone so long as a woman remains desirable to some one man. From head to foot she felt a glow as from strong wine. She, past her thirty-fifth year, still had that power beloved above all feminine things, of making a man happy or unhappy—it made no difference which—the power was the thing! She laughed aloud, for was she not once more beside Dione, facing possibilities in a woman's life? That she had dismissed this possibility at once, took little from its effect.

That evening she was standing by her dressing-table in a loose white wrapper, ready for bed. She was one of those women who look their best at such intimate moments.

Suddenly she put up her hands and laid them upon her head, and then ran them slowly down over her face, her throat, her shoulders, her waist. Then she stopped and whispered:

"There's no use! You are just a hopelessly ordinary little

woman, growing old, and yet—he wants me in his life! He—any man—wants me in his life! Of course I do not wish to go—but, ah! he wanted me!" Her face had one of its rare moments of beauty as, flushed, quivering, smiling, she stood under the light looking up before she extinguished it.

#### IX.

THE tranquillity of Margaret's life was destined to be further disturbed within the next few weeks.

Spera sailed for Europe as soon as the Easter services had been crowned with success. Such had been the condition of his nerves of late that the priestly authorities had been extremely complacent to the idea of his taking a holiday.

Mrs. De Ro had not seen him since his last turbulent exit, after her refusal to act through the rest of her life as his centre-peg, about which he was to freely coruscate—a securely anchored pin-wheel at last.

The day he sailed for Genoa he sent her his violin and a note:

I take the liberty of leaving my "soul" with you. Will you take care of it for me? I will come for it, by your leave, when I return in the autumn. Good-by—you are in my blood—I am very restless. However, "to Rome for everything!" as the saying is.

And then came the postscript which sounded the persistent note of the man's nature:

A violin, please remember, must neither be kept in a temperature of  $40^{\circ}$  nor of  $90^{\circ}$ .

"Poor old Spera!" she murmured, carrying away the violin in her arms as if it were a sentient thing.

When she returned she found "Father" Clements awaiting her in the drawing-room.

He was in one of his impersonal moods—the mood that represented his own highest ideal of living, marked out for himself, his arm stretched to the limit.

He wanted her advice and aid. He realized that what was needed in the case in point was a woman's wisdom, not a man's learning.

There was no one else in his world to whom he could carry such a question, for it was the secret of two unhappy lives. He had pondered it long; he told her very simply that he had prayed for light, and—well, he was here, and would she help him? It was just one more unhappy relation between a husband and a wife in his congregation. It was a moment when the next move, the next word, were critical.

"There is no use in asking you where the fault lies," commented Margaret, after listening to the sordid story. "It is always the fault of both, sometimes more his or more hers, but always both—not for lack of love, but lack of wisdom."

"Such wisdom is beyond the reach of nine-tenths of humanity, unfortunately; but what I stand for, what I am trying to bring about, is their realization that their own personal happiness or unhappiness is a small thing beside their responsibility to the bond itself—the preservation of the bond."

Margaret smiled, knowing why he had failed to reconcile the two. And yet of course he was right; only, an abstraction never yet bridged a difference between a man and a woman.

Together they went over it with perfect frankness, she promising her utmost aid. Once she startled him by saying:

"No, I cannot agree with you in that particular. On the contrary, leave the husband to me, while you use your diplomacy with the wife."

She sat smiling at him, and he suddenly lowered his eyes, his pale face flushed, and he ran his long fingers nervously over his mouth.

For the next ten days they met constantly in connection with this matter of two human souls tottering on the edge of a social precipice.

Sometimes they despaired, sometimes doubted, but finally a great hope came to them in the sudden complete break-down in the woman's sullen pride—from her husband little could be expected, as he had suffered the most, always having loved the most.

The wife was made ill for the moment, and Margaret, half laughing, half crying, had taken the husband by the hand and dragged him to his wife's door. Before she opened it she whispered: "You have probably longed for a chance to do a very big thing in your life—we all do—here is one at last! Be very, very gentle—don't explain anything—don't, for heaven's sake, talk at all! If you talk, you're lost! Go back to the days when you were sweethearts, and be—absurd!" Then she opened the door and pushed him gently in, and she saw he was smiling, and scented success.

Then Margaret ran down the stairs and almost into the arms of "Father" Clements, who was waiting for her below. They seized each other's hands in the dusk, and could not speak for happiness and exultation.

As he walked beside her to her home, he said once jerkily, clearing his throat:

"I can imagine what exquisite help you must have given your husband during his pastorate."

"Very little, on the contrary. I have no talent for committees, for those charities that do good by the gross. I can only help when my

own little feverish ego counts. It was always a source of disappointment to Lawrence."

At her door she asked him to come in and share her lonely dinner. He looked down at the comfortable little figure before him—looked a long time, in silence. She could not see his face, but she suddenly felt the unexpressed potencies in that silence. Then he looked away, moving back till he stood in the light from within. A mask of sternness slowly dropped over his worn, sensitive face, and then he abruptly thanked her, said good-night without touching her hand, and walked swiftly away out into the night.

#### X.

THERE was one point upon which Margaret's conscience was uneasy, and that was the deliberate use of a certain little Dresden Shepherdess to the furthering of her own and Eytel's ends in regard to a difficult goddess called Dione—brought to wife by Jupiter alone, as Eytel often

thought with despair.

Other people's love stories must wait a while until Mrs. De Ro inquired into innocent little Maud's. The quickest and surest way to know people is to eat breakfast with them, so after two or three days devoted to diplomacy Margaret finally landed Maud Flitch under her own roof for a week's visit; ostensibly to relieve her own loneliness, in reality to discover the depth of the girl's supposed interest in one Charles Eytel.

In demanding so long a time for her investigation, Margaret overestimated the girl's reserve, and characteristically undervalued her own powers; for at the end of forty-eight hours the widow knew conclusively that Maud's heart was as free from any such love as was her pretty blond head from wisdom.

It was developed that Eytel was but one of many "boys"—as she termed them—who revolved about her sunny self. It also was evolved, however, that Maud had an ideal, cherished for years; an inaccessible, stony-hearted somebody, apparently elderly (which accounted for all the others being called "boys"). It appeared that this demi-god (Margaret took an instantaneous dislike to him) of superhuman haughtiness and vast learning sometimes called upon Maud's father and played chess with him. "Even a god can play chess without compromising his dignity!" thought Margaret, laughing inwardly at this guileless little Vivien worshipping Merlin from afar. Once the widow quoted merrily:

<sup>&</sup>quot;Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web, Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood Without one word!"

but when Maud begged to know what she meant, Margaret thought better of it and did not tell her of "the wily Vivien." She was such a child, would always be a child-woman to the end of her life; and, heavens above! how pretty she was—a sort of sea-shell coloring ending always in golden tints. "If I were a man," thought the plain woman to herself, "I'd marry a woman like that. It would be an unending joy to me, her beauty, her exquisite beauty."

That there really was, after all, a touch of the legendary Vivien in the girl, showed in the delightful fact that she never mentioned her ideal's name.

These several revelations lifted a load off Margaret's mind, but, alas! there were five whole days to spare which must be made pleasant for the child, and she was of the sweet, helpless, limp sort that dislikes books and solitude about equally. Margaret thought of Dione with a sigh.

Of course it had been understood that little would be done for her at Mrs. De Ro's in the way of conventional entertainment, for the widow still led a quiet life, although the studied pose of grief—grief measured off by the month or year: so many for a cousin, so many for a husband, with card-borders to match the depth of it—was a thing of which she was incapable. When real grief came, the thing was to struggle back somehow alive and sane into the sunlight—quickly, lest one sink forever into the darkness, out of all help.

Maud had understood all this fully before she accepted Mrs. De Ro's invitation, but she had taken a girl's strong liking to the widow, and loved to be with her, and to be listened to—as Margaret listened. However, they were to have a little dinner, and perhaps some music, if anything in that line could possibly be achieved with Tony Spera away.

So it came to pass that Margaret heard much of "The Abbey," as Maud's ideal came to be called between them, because the girl had explained that she had the same sensations in his presence as she had the first time she entered Westminster Abbey.

"I feel so small and stupid, and as if there was such an awful lot to know, don't you see!" cried Maud.

"Ah, I see," assented the widow, wondering if she could not manage a little theatre-party for Maud, with a friend's help; and—yes, a supper afterwards! She would write the note at once. And then she noticed that Maud was saying something very impressively, and she listened.

"Once he put his hand on my head!"

"No!" cried Margaret in raillery.

"Yes, he did; and I felt-shall I tell you how I felt?"

"I shall stop breathing till I hear!"

"I felt as if icicles and hot cinders and live lizards and bumblebees were all crawling up and down my spinal column! Did you ever have a feeling like that, Mrs. De Ro?"

"Yes, Maud; everybody has it once or twice," laughed Margaret.

"And then-shall I tell you what happened then?" chattered Maud.

Margaret nodded, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"Then he said: 'Maudie, how far are you along in arithmetic?' And the lizards and the bumble-bees sat down right where they were! For I have been out one whole winter, Mrs. De Ro! I have n't seen him since," she ended plaintively.

"How old a man do you suppose 'The Abbey' is, Maud?" asked

Margaret, beginning really to be interested at last.

"About seventy, I suppose—oh, but, Mrs. De Ro, he is perfectly fascinating! He's got more magnetism! When he gets up from the chess-table and throws a match into the grate, it's important, somehow—my heart just turns somersaults for minutes afterwards. Now, papa could get up and throw chairs into the fire, and it would n't begin to have that effect upon me. That's what I call having magnetism!" ended the girl, with solemn conviction. And then they went out shopping—after Margaret had written a note.

It was to ask John Gordon if he and his daughter would do her a great favor by taking a little friend of hers to the theatre and coming back to supper afterwards, when she would ask two or three other men of owlish habits to drop in. "She's only a child, but such a dear, pretty one, and unconsciously comic if you encourage her to prattle," Margaret had ended. They accepted, and the evening arrived. Maud knew only that some people were to call to take her to hear an English actor whom she adored, and she stood in the drawing-room equipped very daintily in white hat, long cloak, and trailing gown. It made her look very much more mature, as Margaret remembered afterwards.

Gordon arrived full of apologies from his daughter, who lived next door to him. His little grandson was feverish, the mother had feared to leave him. He said all this to Margaret as she had advanced to greet him. Then he looked up. With an ejaculation of surprise, he

started across the room, crying in jocular vein:

"Why, Maudie, where did you drop from? I did n't know you two knew each other. Good gracious! are you the little witch I'm to take to the theatre? This is too absurd—delightful, too, of course, Maudie—don't begin to pout. Why, Mrs. De Ro, this young lady and I met when she was exactly thirty-six hours old! And a pretty-looking object you were, too, Maudie—looked years older then than you do to-night—wizened, worn, disillusioned to a painful degree; and the face you made at me was the face of a dyspeptic gargoyle! Oh, Lord!

how your father laughed! You were a horrible mahogany color, too, Maudie—horrible!"

There was a pause, and Gordon, looking from one to the other, discovered that no one besides himself was enjoying the situation or his conversation.

Maud was staring wildly at him, and Margaret gave a little artificial laugh, with unsmiling eyes. Gordon had long ago abandoned any hope of understanding the esoteric relationship between two women, so he stopped talking and watched warily.

"I'm so glad you two are old friends," finally said Margaret; "it makes it so much nicer. Doctor Eytel and one or two others of Maud's friends are coming in to supper by-and-by, so come back as soon as you can, please, Mr. Gordon. I do hope you will enjoy it. Now, really, it's high time you were off."

Gordon went into the hall for his hat, and Maud turned swiftly and clutched Margaret's arm, hissing into her ear:

"He—is—'The Abbey'! Oh, Mrs. De Ro, tell me what to talk about between acts! For pity's sake, tell me quickly! What would you talk about? I shall simply die all alone with him for hours and hours, just scared stiff! I feel as if I was going to the theatre with—with Abraham or—or Isaiah, or—"

"Come on, Maudie! 'The sooner it's over, the sooner to—supper,'" laughed Gordon from the hall.

When they were gone Margaret stood perfectly still, without a movement even of her eyes, which still were upon the door.

"Well, why not?" she finally said aloud, turning abruptly away and sitting down by the fire. After a little, she arose and sought something about the room, and then returned to her chair, Tennyson in her hands. She opened and read from among the "Idylls." Twice she looked up and repeated aloud a line here and there:

"Your pretty sports have brightened all again;"

and later:

"The pale blood of the wizard at her touch Took gayer colors, like an opal warmed."

"Well, why not?" came again from her, and the book fell from her fingers, and she leaned back and suddenly felt very old and tired, gray, grave—spent.

When the others returned they found Eytel with her, deep in excited debate. And during the supper men came and went, but he alone claimed Margaret's attention, which, for some reason, she accorded him completely, leaving the amusement of the rest of the

party largely in Maud's hands. Gordon watched her in astonishment, but she saw him not.

Eytel had been twice to Dione's home, it seems—although she had made no mention of it in her letters. The first time she had taken him to see a view near the house, and he could have sworn all barriers were at last down between them. She had been very kind, gentle, womanly, and he had held himself in leash, and they had parted with smiles. The second time she had refused to see him. He had telegraphed, so she had had full warning, and she had refused to see him! It will be seen that there was much to discuss with Mrs. De Ro; in fact, he stayed a half-hour after all the others were gone, and so Maud was asleep when Margaret went to her room.

It was not until the next morning that the humor of the situation began its appeal. So this was what came of playing Providence among young people! In seeking to save the Dresden Shepherdess from one cruel wolf, she had but let in another, still more dangerous to the child's peace. From now on she would hold aloof—Maud should be given every chance to become acquainted with the erudite mysteries of "The Abbey"! Among other things, the girl's response to the question of her ideal's probable age came back to Margaret—"seventy"! The whole thing was delicious.

She wrote asking John Gordon on one plea or another to her house for every evening but one of the remaining three; and he accepted, and asked her what was the matter with the evening left blank? Would she and Maudie come to his big, empty barn of a house instead on that

odd evening? And she answered, yes, with pleasure, if she could bring

"Father" Clements. His reply by special delivery was:

#### Come and bring all your relations!

and so the correspondence ended there. And yet Maud was not happy! For, as she confided to the widow:

"If he only would n't call me 'Maudie'! Nobody adds is or y to names now, do they, Mrs. De Ro? And then, while you and Doctor Eytel were talking he suddenly took out his watch and shut it with a loud click, then jumped up and said: 'Merciful powers, child, it's time you were in bed!' It's so lovely of you to arrange to let me see him every evening (and papa and his chess not by to interfere), but, really, Mrs. De Ro, he treats me as if I were younger and younger. Some night he'll bring me a little green balloon—you'll see!"

"It's a taxing world, Maud," was all that the widow would vouchsafe, determined on her course of non-interference.

The night they dined at Gordon's was the last of Maud's visit. "Father" Clements took the two women there, and saw them home

afterwards, which last courtesy, however, did not prevent Gordon from offering his services also.

As Margaret and the clergyman walked down the avenue that night on their way home from the little dinner—which had proved very dull somehow—she looked at the other two just ahead of them, and a quick revulsion came over her against the whole world of men, and she came to a sudden conclusion which set her pulses beating.

At the door of her apartment house Gordon took abrupt possession of Mrs. De Ro, squaring his shoulders against "Father" Clements, and said rather stiffly:

"If I call upon you next Monday afternoon about five, may I see you alone? I want your advice about something."

It was Friday. Maud was to leave the next day. Margaret replied with equal stiffness:

"I am sorry, but I leave town Monday morning."

"Leave town? This time of year! Why, where on earth—I beg your pardon, Mrs. De Ro, but I was startled. Then, may I come Sunday afternoon?" Margaret hesitated. For some inexplicable reason, she strongly desired to hurt John Gordon—she, the kind-hearted "little mother" of them all! She would have liked to hurt him physically as he stood before her—but she must be satisfied with what tiny weapons were at hand. She replied coldly:

"I am sorry, but-"

"Sunday morning?" he went on dryly, his jaw set, his eyes flashing. She began to laugh, filled with a curious excitement.

"You might as well yield the point, Mrs. De Ro. I'm going to have my talk with you if I sit holding your morning paper till the maid opens the door. I'm not a boy, to be put off for a whim." The other two were laughing, but one of them heard and understood Gordon's words, and, though he went on laughing, in that moment he learned what it meant to be a man and love a woman and—lose her.

"I shall be so busy packing—but perhaps I can arrange to have Maud stay over another night, and you could explain to her, and——" Margaret stopped, astonished and mortified at her own words, those of the veriest school-girl, rich in gaucherie.

"Perhaps I could-but we will not trouble her. Good-night."

That night was their last together, so Maud hung about her hostess, going freely to her room during the more than usually long function of a woman's undressing.

Once the girl said, after watching Margaret braid her hair, looking very sweet and wholesome and suddenly young in her white wrapper:

"Do you do anything to yourself, Mrs. De Ro?"

"'Do anything'?"

"Massage or-or a touch up here and there? Mamma does-oh,

she tells everybody! She keeps away the wattles under her chin by beating with her fingers, using them sideways as a sort of flail, and—"

"What are you talking about?" laughed Margaret, in a mood for

gayety.

"You look so young and fresh and—and happy to-night, somehow, Mrs. De Ro," purred Maud a little wistfully; and then presently she added: "Well, it's all over!"

"Yes, but we've had a happy little week together to remember," said Mrs. De Ro, patting the girl's shoulder affectionately.

"I meant the other thing-my dream, my ideal."

"Why, Maud-why should it be? By the way, he is n't seventy by two decades."

"He yawned night before last! He did it like a gentleman, and all that—but, Mrs. De Ro, mamma says if a man yawns within threequarters of a mile of a woman, she may as well tear up his photograph and begin to think about somebody else."

"I'm glad you have so wise a counsellor. And now I'm going to pack you off to bed. Kiss me, dear, and run away."

#### XI.

SUNDAY morning at eleven, when he knew that all the world was very properly at prayers, John Gordon came out of his house and walked rapidly down the deserted avenue towards Margaret's apartment.

Entering, he sent up his card. While he waited, he stood on the Turkish rug in the quiet little office and made elaborate acquaintance with the pattern; viewing it from all sides, from the centre, from a distance. The drowsy young clerk—pale, fat, flaccid, from years of inaction—became alert, wondering if this elaborately dressed, smart-looking elderly man who came to see the widow on the sixth floor was about to offer to buy the rug. The clerk hazily planned to ring up the manager rather than shoulder the responsibility of either refusing to sell it outright or mentioning a tentative figure.

The telephone rang. The clerk languidly took the receiver:

"Hullo! What? Oh, yes. Is at home? Is or is n't? All right. Good-by."

Hanging up the tube, he said with supreme indifference, now that the rug transaction began to recede:

"Mrs. De Ro is in, and says for Mr. Jordan to come right up." In five minutes the owner of the name to which the one given by the clerk was at least a convenient approximation faced Mrs. De Ro in her own cozy reception-room.

"Maud has gone home," began Margaret. "I have so enjoyed her visit, and I——"

"Gone, has she? That's nice! Oh, I did n't mean that, of course," he burst out, laughing at his own inadvertence.

Margaret wore a white woollen house-gown, not especially becoming to her when he entered, because of her pallor. Before he left, it became her well.

"I suppose you have guessed what I want. Even a stupid woman is a pretty good guesser, and—you! Well, I'm here to ask you to come to me for the rest of our two lives. I've waited a long time to ask you this—longer than you know." She made a little movement of surprise, and then sat very still, her head turned away, one hand upraised to hide her face.

"I think I've been in love with you—well, for years. Of my own happiness, I am so sure that we need not now speak of it. It's of yours I wish to speak—may I?"

He stood beside her chair and tried to see her face. She closed her eyes. Then he said:

"Look up at me. I don't want your words—you're a woman. I want your eyes."

After a pause, she looked up at him quickly, and then away again, murmuring:

"Ah, I'm too tired to take up another life and sustain it, merge my-"

"Do what?" he interrupted, with that roughness which a woman always forgives. "I'm not asking you to take up my life and do anything to it. It is n't bric-à-brac that needs dusting! What sort of a—a 'borogove' do you take me for! You've associated so long with saints and geniuses that you don't know a man—a plain man—when you see one. Oh, I mean that fellow Lumb and that other pet crank of yours—Spera. Don't shrink away from me like that! A little fresh air and sunlight let into your life will not hurt you, dear, believe me. I'm asking for the great privilege of making you my little homequeen—to be spoiled and petted and cajoled and coddled, and held very, very sacred, to the joy of my being and the profit of my small kingdom! I want you so, dear! And I think—I really think—I could make you happy."

He watched her a moment and reached a conclusion, part of which spoke in his next sentence:

"Don't answer me now—please do not! I can stand uncertainty lots better than I can hopelessness. Go away on this journey you spoke about, and I'll wait till you return for my answer, or until you give me permission to come to you. Is it understood?"

"Yes, yes, but, Mr. Gordon, I'd much rather tell you now that

"I will not listen!" he cried. "I begged for this one thing—

surely you will grant me that?" She nodded slowly. He took her hand, which was very cold and tense, and held it, stroking it very gently with his other hand.

"I love you, dear—you do not dream how I love you. It's the big soul of you—the big, earnest soul. The part that by its very aloofness, in a woman like you, tantalizes a man into dreams of what she might feel, say, look, do, in a tender moment. The part that remains a beautiful mystery even after marriage. You will never part from that strong, silent, sweet mystery of your womanhood while you live! Ah, I know you—all that any one ever will. May I tell you what you have always seemed to me? You are like one of those great wells dug deep down into the dark earth, and the water that quenches men's thirst wells up forever and forever! And a man drinks and drinks, and wants more!"

"Oh, I cannot stand it—you must not, you must not!" she burst out, springing to her feet. "It's not fair! You said I might have time to think—to go away and think quietly." He still held her hand, and as she turned beseeching eyes toward him the look in his usually cold eyes became overwhelming, and hers fell when he asked with grave tenderness:

"You are sure you cannot answer me now, my darling?"

"I cannot! Just go, please," she cried.

"One moment. Where are you going?"

"To Virginia-the mountains."

"Are you going alone?"

"Dione will join me there later. Her father goes to New Orleans, and will leave her with me."

"What will be your address?" She gave it, adding a protest.

"You may trust me. I will not come until you bid me—only, dear, remember I shall not be happy meanwhile. Good-by."

"Can you give me a light?" he asked the drowsy clerk in the office below.

There was the scratch of a match, the sympathetic pause when two men watch the lighting of a cigar.

"Won't you have one? Must be an infernal bore sitting here," said Gordon, holding out several cigars across the counter.

"Smoking's not down on the may-nu hereabouts," said the clerk, hesitating.

"Well, later on, when you go home. I suppose you've got one?"

"Home? Oh, yes; palace—ten by eight. Place to smoke in, all right, though."

"That's about all any man's home is without a woman around."

"And when she's around 'tain't even that sometimes!" cried the man of leisure behind the counter.

"You're embittered—take another!" and the cigars were again proffered. The man laughed and shook his head. He was an American citizen and knew how to accept a cigar and a joke as between men, but the second cigar was declined on purely sociological grounds.

As John Gordon walked up the deserted avenue it was difficult to tell whether the creases about his mouth were made by his holding his cigar between tightly closed lips, or whether he was smiling to himself.

#### XII.

Spera's characteristic offer of marriage to Mrs. De Ro had brought into her quiet life an unreasoning, unrelated thrill, albeit she was entirely indifferent to him; Gordon's left her a prey to anguish, broke up her peace, brought to the surface all the discordant forces that are in all strong natures.

For the first hour after he had left her, however, she sat without moving, her head thrown back upon the cushioned arm-chair, her eyes closed, her face flushed. She was still hypnotized by his strong will, his pleading voice; her own will for the moment yielding to his—for such is sympathy, which was at the root of this woman's charm.

She almost fell asleep lying there in a sort of sensuous trance, that had nothing whatever to do with mental acquiescence, as she very well knew, far back in a corner of her brain.

Ann's entrance and announcement of luncheon awoke her to the realities and responsibilities of life, and she knew that the fight was on! She ate with a sudden keen appetite what was placed before her, once more her cheerful, reserved self.

Ann's heart sank in her rotund body as she watched her mistress. Like many another living in a small round, she dearly loved a bit of romance, but in this instance all signs were against it—she knew enough for that!

Shortly after the meal was over, Margaret dressed and left the house, walking straight up the avenue to the park. She walked rapidly mile after mile, uplifted beyond any sense of fatigue, unconscious of the thousands who passed, victims also to humanity's curse of restlessness.

It was cold, a sudden snatch backwards of winter's bony hand, and finally a longing for a little warmth came to her. Where could she go—where she could rest and be alone? A year in Italy, when she was a girl, had left in her heart the sense of the motherliness of Rome's church. She remembered one a few squares away, to which she had sometimes gone to hear the singing, unknown to Lawrence. If she hurried, she would be in time for vespers.

Fifteen minutes later she ascended the broad steps of the church. Always with open welcoming door; always the far away lights twinkling; a comfortable warmth; a human voice somewhere raised in counsel; a soft rumble of the great organ; young voices, penetratingly sweet; no one to notice, to forbid; a shadow to sink into unobserved; somehow, a home for a tired soul to rest in. She raised her veil and sat once more in an almost complete abeyance of sensation—those safety valves of extremely emotional people.

Presently the detail of her environment slowly reached her con-

sciousness.

A young man sat in the corner of the pew she had slipped into—a petty clerk, comfortably clad, with hands that had never handled anything heavier than a pen. He was asleep, his head thrown back, his coarse, dissipated face revealing the cause of his exhaustion. Across the aisle on her right, also asleep, was a workman. The heavy, expressionless face, the clear, healthy skin, the great, twisted hands, told the tale of a more honest exhaustion, that could not sit in warmth and silence without at once yielding to sleep.

Margaret smiled, thinking that in just this lay the great secret of this church. "It's a mother—it takes us all in and no questions asked, no eyes spying upon us. That boy sleeps off his Saturday night debauch—let him! Better here than elsewhere. The workman is in the heaven of his kind—for the time, a human log lying by the road. Sleep is what he most needs—let him rest awhile."

And Margaret herself? What was there for her?

She began looking about. One by one the candles on the high altar were being lighted by a hidden hand. Was it not so that insight into the real values of living came into one's life? Here and there a spark, and much blackness in between.

Presently the door of the sacristy opened, and a white radiance flooded out into the twilight of the church. Looking, Margaret saw a great number of little white-clad, white-veiled girls pouring out like a stream of pearly milk down the steps of the chancel and past the altar, where it undulated suddenly and then flowed on, until the whole chancel was filled.

At the end of the procession came a Sister in black, tall, silent, her head bowed in humility, her face hidden in the deep bonnet of her order. Margaret sat up, alert and thrilled. The world of women! The little white-veiled brides marching on through the world, each day in fresh thousands—the future mothers—and that silent figure in black following? The inevitableness of a woman's fate, the unescapable laws of her being: the wifehood, the motherhood—the dignity, the solemnity, the purport of it all, whose face is hidden from the world!

A great lump rose in Margaret's throat; she trembled from head to foot with a sudden illumination—one more candle was lighted on the high altar of her prescience. The white stream of girls with their floating veils passed down the aisle beside Margaret, whispering their "Hail Marys" as they walked with folded hands but with half-smiling, bright young eyes; conscious of little else than the passing moment and their pretty dresses and the lights—the same old story of blindness, vanity, and surface-living.

Margaret's eyes were full of tears, for here was the message for her hidden in the beautiful symbolism of a little ceremony she had happened upon. What was she but one more of the great world of women marching on towards her fate? What could she do better than also to fold her hands and fall in line? She sat in a strange exaltation.

The clerk and the workman were awake now, and on their knees; the rumble of many voices filled the whole church, repeating in monotone the endless iteration of the old, white-haired priest who walked at the head of the procession.

Down the centre aisle it turned towards the high altar, and the girls nestled with pretty preening into their places, the illusion veils haloing their little heads. And behind sat the silent woman in black, with the hidden face.

Long after it was over, Margaret sat with a white face, staring straight before her. The little children—"brides" of heaven—and the silent figure of fate at their heels had gone away, the priests, the acolytes, the surpliced boy-choir; the organ had ceased even its faintest throbbing.

One by one the lights were extinguished, until one only remained on the high altar, in the white marble baldachin shaped like a tiny Temple of Vesta, whence it fell in a golden flood down upon the Figure of Suffering below.

Margaret arose and left the empty church.

#### XIII.

And still the widow was able to stand back from herself and realize that there was more to be heard from in her nature before she would consent to reënter the door that took her back into the world of men and men's needs. Her first mood after listening to John Gordon, lying in the chair once more alone, had been one of the senses; the second, in the church, was one of the imagination—it was not enough.

So she went upon her journey, met Dione at the Luray Junction, and together they went up into the mountains, where Margaret had been once before.

The great hostelry was empty; the half-mile of piazza was deserted. They occupied a corner near the care-taker's family.

But spring had come again, the second since her widowhood began. The air had sudden little currents of soft, sweet-smelling warmth that caressed one's face in passing; the wild-flowers were coming one by one. Yesterday they had seen a flock of martens fresh from the south; to-day they spied a cock-robin and thought they heard his mate.

The two women were by nature equally reserved, despite their

strong affection for each other.

They walked together daily over the mountains, the one upon which they lived being the highest; they rowed upon the little lake that was the jewel upon its breast.

And they talked of everything freely—fact or fancy: the strange psychic sciences that are being rediscovered by the Western world; the note of war which had suddenly placed its mediæval mark upon civilization and silenced its boast.

Two subjects alone they never mentioned: one was a man called John Gordon, and the other a man called Charles Eytel. The abstract man was, however, freely used as a convenient punching-bag.

Margaret noticed that a new note had come into the girl's speech; she no longer sought the premises of her arguments in the Stone Age.

One day she said:

"I verily believe, little mother, that I'm slowly coming back to the very old idea that, after all, a woman's life is made up of a choice of sacrifices. Peasant or countess, one can only choose from among the many always at hand."

"And the easiest is the one on the line of the least resistance?"

laughed the elder woman.

"The line of the least resistance," assented the girl gravely, and the color flew to her face.

Of course they both heard once from the men who loved them. Gordon's was the old plea of hunger and pain that a woman so readily forgives. What Eytel's letter contained could only be surmised from its effect upon Dione. After reading it, a look of fear came into her eyes, and she flew off down the mountain with a lad of twelve, her only escort to the nearest railway station, whence a telegram might be sent.

When she returned she looked very pale and weary, and went to

her room.

The days were measured off into weeks, and still the two women remained on the mountain-top.

And then a night came, and with it revelation.

After supper they had gone down through the golden afterglow to the lake, and there Dione unmoored the boat and rowed Margaret out to the middle of the great pond—for it was little more than that. The girl rowed with long, strong strokes, her whole figure radiating health, youth, and beauty. To what end? thought Margaret as she watched her.

A little later they had slowly drifted to the deep shadows by the thickly-wooded shore. The oars were shipped, and Dione lay back in

the bottom of the boat, her half bare arms pillowing her head; Margaret was leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, her chin on the palms of her hands.

A sudden sound in the rhododendron thicket beside them startled them out of their reverie. There was the rush of some creature maddened by either fear or pain, then came a woman's piercing scream, and a dark body fell into the black water and sank.

Dione was up and at the oars before the echo died away. Margaret knew enough to kneel low in the boat and hold fast to the sides and be silent, as she watched with staring eyes the peaceful surface of the water. Standing poised, every muscle and sense in her strung to its utmost, was Dione. A soft bump under the boat sent a thrill of horror through them both.

"Good God, Di! she's come up under us!" whispered Margaret.
One firm sweep of the oar changed the position of the boat. Again
each heard only her own heart, and watched, leaning low, peering
through the waning light. A few feet away a woman's arm went up
into the air. The boat shot towards it.

"Take the oars!" cried Dione, and in an instant she slipped off her low shoes and sprang into the lake.

Then followed a moment of unspeakable anguish, when the lake lay black and silent, and she was alone in the boat, helpless, clinging to the oars, the struggle for two lives going on somewhere down in the blackness not ten feet away.

Margaret knew that her part was to watch, and to obey Dione when she spoke; for of course she would speak—now, in an instant. She would come up (she, the strong swimmer!) to the surface, and shout what she wished done. There was nothing to do but to watch and listen.

Just as the continued silence seemed about to completely overwhelm the crouching woman in the boat, there came the soft, caressing sound of water disturbed, a long moan, a deep breath expelled violently, and Dione's strangled voice:

"I've got her! Bring the boat!"

But as it neared, the one who wished to die suddenly seized Dione, and they sank again together. Then Margaret's voice rang out in a cry of agony, shouting again and again for help. And the sky above was silent and very far away, and the water below lay in sleepy indifference, and no human voice upon the earth answered.

Half frantic, but ready with the oars, Margaret strained to see into the dark everywhere about her.

Surely something still blacker was moving slowly before her on the water's surface; something round, like a human head—the wet hair lying close! Slowly it moved, very slowly, towards the shore. Margaret followed silently, fearing to hinder rather than aid by sudden interference.

The shore reached, a white hand went out and grasped the bushes. Margaret understood, and was now free to help. In an instant she was ashore and kneeling over the edge of the water, digging her grasp into the first strong hold that offered.

"Is that you, Di?" There was no answer—just breath coming in labored pain. Margaret put one hand under the upraised arm and exerted all her strength. There was a brief struggle, and then a figure arose out of the black depths, drooping, exhausted, but alive, and dragging another figure, which hung over her arm as limp and helpless as a cloak.

Once ashore, the conscious and unconscious figures fell together to the earth and again became part of the silence.

Margaret's long service in the world of human suffering, her long study of possible needs, stood her in good stead in that hour, and presently Dione sat up and spoke. But do what she would, Margaret could get no sign of life from the woman who had sought death.

One long moan came from her, which ran a sort of chromatic scale, from a scream to a formless, deep sound, almost like the growl of an angry beast; and Dione broke into a torrent of incoherent words, beside her own well-poised self for the first time in her life:

"I tried to save her! I tried hard to save her! She fought me, but I was the stronger. Why can we not bring her back? She must not go like this—I tell you I will not let her go!" Falling on her knees in a sudden fury of energy, Dione joined Margaret's efforts over the woman.

Together they tried all those remedial measures the knowledge of which has become but a commonplace among the intelligent women of the day. Margaret was only too well aware that there was no one within ten miles who knew better what to do than either herself or Dione—and they failed.

Then Dione threw herself face down upon the earth and sobbed aloud, and Margaret watched her in dull amazement, dumb and exhausted for the moment—the silent figure stretched between them.

A moment later Margaret heard voices and saw a light coming towards them through the woods, and she arose and dominated the hideous situation with her usual quiet strength.

For two days Dione lay at the hotel in delirium, raving incessantly about the woman's life she had failed to save. A doctor was sent for from a neighboring town, heard the story (now bruited all over the mountains), and said, after watching Dione for a few moments, that beyond a few simple remedies there was nothing to do but wait and trust to the girl's obviously superb health.

"Why should you care for a woman's life—one more or less—when you don't know what to do with your own? She no more threw hers away than you threw yours away! You failed to save it—you must make that good! A woman's life! A woman's life!" Dione fell back upon the pillows, and the words became again undistinguishable. Margaret listened with her heart in her throat.

Dione's fever left her as quickly as it had come; and a day or two lying in the sun on the side veranda, which looked away from the lake out over the rich meadow-lands coming into their first green, was all that was needed for the return of her balance and strength.

The third day, towards sunset, the two friends walked together out over the plateau at the back of the hotel—always now away from the lake. They settled themselves upon some rocks at the highest point. The sky was cloudless, the air full of a breathless silence. Peace was above and below, the light a sort of pink radiance.

After a long pause Dione said:

"Will you tell me now, little mother, the woman's story?"

Margaret hesitated and then told her briefly, without comment.

The woman who had torn so violently the life out of her young body had been the bride of a brakeman on the railroad; but two months married, after an engagement of six years, during which each had labored and saved, waiting patiently, loving purely.

The evening that Margaret and Dione had gone to the lake, the young wife had been sitting in her tiny cabin, down the mountain-side, near enough to the railroad for the brakeman to have now and then his supper with her, a cheery word, a kiss, and off again, back to his work. She was waiting for him, the supper simmering on the back of the stove. Without one word of warning, the door was kicked open, and four men entered, carrying something in a gray blanket. They laid it on the kitchen floor. It was round and shapeless, the outline suggesting nothing to her. Three of the men slunk to the door, the fourth, with a white face and stumbling words, told her they had brought home all that was left after an accident to the hand-car. The men at the door looked away from her, and hung their heads in an agony of masculine helplessness.

The young wife made no sound; she stood stooping forward, staring down at the gray blanket. Then she darted towards it and threw back one end! Before they could touch her, she turned and dashed through the group of half-dazed men and tore up the road, laughing as she ran. She had gone to the lake in one straight line, through bog and brush and densest wood.

"A love like that—how it belittles all else of living!" cried Margaret, when the sad tale was told.

The girl was silent, looking out at the rose-colored horizon.

"Di, I have something to tell you: I am going back to-morrow to the world of men. To be more honest—a man!"

"The white sweet peas!" exclaimed Dione, turning a face radiant with interest. Margaret nodded, flushed and smiling.

"Somehow, girlie, it seems to me my work lies there—and my happiness. It's a trust—the highest—and I've made up my mind not to shirk it. Peace very often is a pretty name for paralysis." There was a pause.

" Di?"

"Yes, little mother?" said the girl, with a curious eagerness.

"Di, I—you will not think it absurd in an old, old woman?" The maiden put out her hand in affectionate protest and laid it on the other's arm.

"I want to go to him—there!" Margaret laughed, but Dione's head sank, and her brow took on the color of the sunset. Presently she arose and walked away, and stood leaning against a dead tree, stricken years before by lightning. It was stripped of bark, twig, and leaf; a stark naked cross, with two remaining broken limbs low down, atwist against the now golden sky. The girl threw one arm up over the lower of the two branches, and stood thus through all the glory of the sunset.

The West sucked down the light with narrowed lips—slowly, silently, thirstily, until the world was drained. Then came the stars, one by one, like candles, lighted on the high altar.

Suddenly the girl's white-clad figure moved, and, turning, she came rapidly back to where her friend sat upon the rocks watching her.

"Margaret," she cried out, almost running, "Margaret, it has come to me! I'll make good the woman's life I failed to save, I'll finish it for her, I'll try and do what she would have done—as a woman. I'll go the whole length of it!" The widow arose and took Dione into her arms, and, panting, quivering, the maid made her confession.

"Dear child, the woman loved supremely, you must not forget that," murmured Margaret. "You must not go into this on any morbid basis—a vicarious wife would be rather a wearing sort of thing, I fear. She loved supremely; are you sure——?"

"Yes, little mother," whispered the girl, burying her face still deeper in its hiding place, shy even in the dark of the eyes that were not there to see.



## IBSEN AND HIS ISM

By Joseph M. Rogers

I BSEN dead seems to make little difference; for Ibsenism, with all its controversies, survives, though without notable increment. This could not have been the case if death had called Tolstoy, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Brandes, Maeterlinck, or even George Bernard Shaw. These gentlemen have for years been the storm centre of acrimonious debate, and have largely fed the flames with fuel of their own providing. Ibsen never entered the arena to fight for his propaganda. He lived silently and patiently awaiting the time when he should be justified; and to an extent he accomplished his desires. The clouds partially broke before he sank to rest. The debate shifted somewhat from what was largely personal objurgation to a more intellectual consideration of his views, in a calmer atmosphere.

This is a tribute to the man and his methods which is worthy of consideration in these days when intellectual discussion is apt to reach riotous dimensions and become psychological hysteria. If we can be calm, we may arrive somewhere. In the midst of passion counsel is ever darkened.



It is of general knowledge that Henrik Ibsen was a Norwegian poet and dramatist, who was born in 1827 and died in 1906, and who managed to stir up the intellectual world to unusual passions. And yet, after all, the number of those who have read his plays is small, and smaller yet the count of those who have seen one of them acted. Many talk glibly of Ibsen, well knowing that, although their own ignorance of the man and his works is profound, that of their auditors is apt to be even greater.

Humorists have ascribed to the children of Boston ability to read Ibsen in the original, and while this is false enough, it is certain that in that city only did the cult approach the dimensions of a fad, and it never progressed very far. In a few of the larger cities, perhaps four of his plays have been presented occasionally, and it is safe to say that of those who went to see them a very large number were attracted solely by curiosity.

What does Ibsenism stand for? This, I take it, is what a multitude

of people would like to know. Has he left a message for humanity? Did he teach a philosophy that is helpful, or was he merely one of those literary fictions which in the vague realm of mediocre intellectuality disturb the ordinary mind? For to one who is moderately well equipped nothing is more distressing than to listen to discussions or read excerpts concerning things which are beyond comprehension.

Possibly it would be easier to say what Ibsen was not than what he was. The critic has no easy task in attempting an analysis of a man who was so full of seeming contradictions, and who never laid down a rule of action or defended himself against critics. It may be said frankly that to an extent Ibsen is an unsolved problem, one which perhaps will never be solved, but there are some things concerning him and his work which may be studied with interest and with profit.

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Ibsen was a revolutionary poet, a dramatist of ideals, a symbolist, a surgeon of the soul, an analyst of motives, and, to an extent, apparently, a misanthrope. These generalities sound well, but when we come to closer analysis the task is more difficult. We find a man utterly unfettered, totally regardless of criticism, and one who had the courage to prophesy the truth as he saw it. The man made the drama an open door, and because it was left so wide open there has been an unusual amount of discussion as to the motives behind his characters and his ideas.

Primarily it may be said that as a revolutionist Ibsen based his whole philosophy upon the freedom and the dominancy of the will in human nature. It is the will that dominates man, may dominate him, if he desires, almost without restriction, a fact which the Norwegian poet asserted long before modern physiologists and psychologists came to the same conclusion on experimental grounds.

Not irreligious, Ibsen believed that religion had been largely used to dwarf intelligence and as a cloak for hypocrisy. Disgusted with social conventions, he fought to the death the absurdities and contradictions which were much more prominent in Scandinavia than in America. Evolutionist in every respect, he tried to emancipate the race, but, it must be confessed, with only partial success. He furnished us a perfect phantasmagoria of characters and scenes, without making his object entirely clear. There seems to have been no complete harmony in his attitude toward life or living beings. Sometimes he seems constructive, and at others an iconoclast. Sometimes he seems as simple as Mother Goose, and often as complex as Nietschze.

Probably we may understand him partially by saying that Ibsen changed his views like any other man, and never was committed to any

inflexible philosophy. He built his structures out of living images. He put people in his plays not only unclothed, but without flesh on their bones. He pierced the marrow of the soul, and delighted to play with it as a kitten with a mouse. To him the human soul was at once a foot-ball and the great stake for which life is played. It can readily be seen that his field was so large that he was easily led into seeming inconsistencies.

One word about the symbolism which his worshippers have harped on ad nauseam. It is true that any esoteric philosopher, any man dealing solely with the subjective things of life, must tend toward an apotheosis of the type. Ibsen tried to emblematize a definite number of men and women as sorts and conditions of human beings who stand for the great spiritual realities of our existence. But in saying that Ibsen created types as distinctive as Shakespeare, his worshippers have gone mad. Even Ibsen would not have claimed so much. Brand and Nora and Hedda Gabler and Peer Gynt doubtless have marked individuality, but it is impossible in this generation for the calm critic to say that any character of his stands for a symbol in any such sense as Othello stands for jealousy, Juliet for maiden passion, or Lear for a whole host of things. But the worshippers go much further than this. They profess to see in every character, in almost every line, some symbolic idea that makes Wagner and Blavatsky and Nietschze seem childish. It is because of this unjustifiable and unlimited sort of interpretation that Ibsenism has been brought into contempt. It is true that there was much of mysticism in the man, but he never lost his normal base, and he of all recent men ought to have prayed for deliverance from his friends.



Ibsen came of good stock, and was well educated. He had an early manhood of failure as dramatist and theatrical manager, and thereafter lived almost all the remaining years of his life in exile, chiefly in Bavaria and Italy. The English-speaking world has known him only since 1889, when "The Doll's House" was given in prose translation at a few performances on each side the Atlantic. So far as we are concerned, the controversy dates from that year, although long before this it had raged in Scandinavia.

What shocked the auditors (I speak of his more mature works) was his revolutionary methods in construction, as well as his idealism, which was utterly opposed to modern romanticism. The ordinary play of that date was on good old-fashioned lines, where the plot worked up to a climax in the last act, and the climax was either a tragedy or, preferably for most persons, a rapid solution of impossible difficulties,

all the nice young people married, and everybody happy. The changes have been rung on this prescription for centuries, and with such monotony that Ibsen began at the other end.

He proposed to portray life as it is, and not as matinée girls would like to have it. He was revolutionary to the extent that he placed man and woman on exactly the same intellectual and moral plane, instead of making woman a clinging, senseless, soulless creature, either to be bullied by man or treated as his plaything. It is the women in Ibsen who count. They awaken to their consciousness of equality, especially of intellect. They will not be put off with ancient traditions or old women's fables. They think for themselves, and act as they think. This is what jars on the person who first witnesses an Ibsen performance. And to carry out this philosophy fully, most of the people in his plays are married or engaged before the play begins. The climax comes right at the opening in a quarrel or in a divergence of opinion between men and women, between conservatism and progress, between bigotry and intelligence, between the conventional and the modern ideals. In every play these are the themes which are worked out with great power of analysis, with much insight into human character, and with relentless logic. In the original we are told that it is his poetry that charms most of all; but his poetry is utterly untranslatable into English verse, and so most of us have missed the opportunity to criticise him most fairly. Only in his later dramas does he adopt prose—and it is prose of unusual character.



Before going any further, it is necessary to speak of Ibsen in relation to "the eternal feminine." There are those who affect to believe that he was the great champion of the "weaker sex," that his life was devoted to an apotheosis of womankind as above the men. This is untrue. Ibsen was not a woman's-rights man in the modern sense. His sole idea was to allow complete individuality to the women. It was because he fought for individuality that he has been improperly called the apostle of the female sex. He always denied it, and showed it because he disliked women in social life, and, aside from his wife, loved men exclusively, so far as he had any temperament.

The position of Ibsen toward the question of sex requires some elucidation. It is not possible to set it forth in a few paragraphs with any completeness, since in every one of his characters we see a new development of his philosophy. Like other evolutionists, he looks upon the female as the most important of the two sexes. If he seems to elevate his women and degrade his men, it is for the purpose of bringing out stronger contrasts. We cannot conceive society as composed wholly or even largely of such people as he has portrayed. And

he probably would have admitted that although to an extent the themes of his plays are in a sense commonplace, his people are exceptional. But we might also say that he could not make his points without some exaggeration. This was the plan of Dickens, who filled his books with caricatures. Not so with Ibsen. The plays themselves give no hint that they are not ordinary types of manhood and womanhood, and that is what has caused most of the discussion.

In this country, where womanhood has always been given more rights, even if less gallantry, than in Europe, the impression of Ibsenism is more painful than in continental nations, where women are still to a great extent chained to mediæval conditions and laws. In many countries women have few or no property rights, are subject to their husbands' caprice or anger, and are compelled to witness scenes or know of events which are degrading to their souls, what redress they may have being so difficult to obtain, and involving so much humiliation, that they generally prefer to suffer in silence. It is against this phase of society that Ibsen warred most. He believed that the mother had paramount rights in her children, that there was no dual code of morals for the sexes, that it was unjust that a husband should be permitted to waste his wife's dower. These were practical considerations—more so when he first began to write than now, but still sufficiently important in many parts of Europe.

But, more than all, Ibsen resented the idea that woman was inferior from the intellectual standpoint, that she had no opinions of worth and could have none. The mediæval idea of woman, which still survives to some extent, was not much better than that of the Mahometan, who does not allow a woman even a soul. But in many ways the follower of the Prophet was better to his wives than the mediæval professing Christians, among whom every avenue of intellectual effort was closed to women. The only opportunities open to them were marriage or the veil. We do read occasionally of brilliant women in the past who by sheer intellectual force compelled attention and admiration; but these were considered freaks of nature, the kind of exceptions to prove the rule that women had no minds, even if they had souls, to be obsessed by men at will.

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One thing has always seemed strange in the controversies over Ibsen, who is the champion of independent womanhood, of intellectual womanhood, and of an ideal womanhood, and this is that women are his severest critics. They will have none of him. They will go to see his pl ys and tear him to pieces afterwards. Perhaps they do not wish to be emancipated. Perhaps they cannot understand him, and perhaps they do not want to do so. Perhaps it is because, with all their love-

liness, women are such perverse creatures that they refuse to be championed by a man who has no use for tears or warm love scenes, and who defies precedent by marrying people off before they get a chance to work up their emotions for the last act.

I think that part of the American women's objection to Ibsen rests in the fact that, ignorant of continental conditions, they consider that he established a false state of things, that he was setting up men and women of straw to knock down, that they were conscious of no such experience in their own lives and rather thought the service proffered the sex by Ibsen was unnecessary and dished up in an unpleasant manner.

Ibsen stands as an exposition of advanced Teutonic philosophy. You find in him a mixture of Schopenhauer, Nietschze, Goethe, and Haeckel. Yet he is not a made-up prescription. He stands mostly on his own feet. Himself an ardent evolutionist in all things, he is one of the chief products of intellectual evolution. And by those who have not read him, it must not be imagined that his plays are made up of disquisitions on philosophy. On the contrary, one is completely disillusioned on reading him for the first time, in seeing that he is simply dealing with flesh and blood in an unconventional and purely realistic manner. There are no stilted declamations, no fine phrases, no concatenation of sweet sounds to make music for the ears (I take the word of Norwegian students for this), but everywhere directness of thought, of expression, and of action, though of the matter there is little.

A woman who went to see "The Doll's House" said to me that she felt ashamed. Being asked the reason, she said that she did not seem to have been at a play, but to have been eavesdropping at a family quarrel. I think Ibsen would have considered that a very high compliment, for it would have proved that he had mirrored life instead of preaching about it. The preaching is there, but it comes in the development of the story, and not in a thesis.



A noticeable characteristic of all his plays is that they are concerned only with the middle classes, and are seldom laid in cities. He is really a suburbanite, and those who read him might imagine that Norway had no cities or metropolitan life at all. Most of his characters are people of high intelligence—otherwise they never could be found speaking the deep things which he puts in their mouths. And what aggravates most persons is that the plays never end. Like any day in our existence, life with his players is not completed, nor brought to an epoch-making pause. The curtain goes down on an Ibsen drama just as sleep falls on us at night. For this reason, most persons say

that Ibsen leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and there is much in that contention.

But it is undeniable that Ibsen makes his readers think. You may scout him and flout him and fight him, but you must think after reading or seeing one of his plays. That was what he wanted. He lived long in the serene belief that if people would only think and study they would come to his own conclusions, and his principal thesis is that every individual is a god, not, indeed, without human and divine responsibilities, but to be emancipated from the imperfect and unjust fetters of present laws.

It must be remembered also that his plays were not written for the star system. Most of them require two or three women and as many men, all of equal histrionic excellence, and this also has made managers fight shy of his plays. It would exhaust too much of the personnel of the profession—and at big salaries—to put on a play properly even if the people were ravenous to hear Ibsen, which they are not—and, as I think, most unfortunately.

One must dissociate Ibsen from his seemingly cold and unpleasant philosophy. He said in youth that if he ever married his wife should live on one floor, he on another, and they should meet only at dinnertime. When he came to marry he was one of the most affectionate of husbands, and he always maintained an air of cheerfulness quite opposed to the cynical philosophy in "Brand" or "Little Eyolf" or "Pillars of Society" or "Hedda Gabler."



Ibsen was a mixture of Scotch, German, and Norwegian ancestry, and his works show traces of all of the strong points of the three nations. Whatever of temperament there was in him probably came from Germany, but it was so modified by other elements that, in translation, it seems to us to lack warmth. Yet those who have seen an Ibsen play well acted know that with Ibsen it was to be the actor or actress to strike the right note of temperament, and not the mere spoken word. Nora in "The Doll's House," and Hedda Gabler, are not mere literary creations. They are naked creatures of flesh and blood, and unless they actually live their parts on the stage with perfect abandon, the play is a failure. I have seen about the best and the worst productions possible of the same Ibsen play, the difference being due to the actors; whereas I have never seen a play of Shakespeare, no matter how badly, how amateurishly, produced, that was not in some way stimulating. The two dramatists are at opposite poles.

In the limits of this article it is impossible to do much more than Vol. LXXIX.—32

mention the names of the more important of Ibsen's plays. Aside from those already referred to, "The Wild Duck," "An Enemy of the People," "Ghosts," and "The Master Builders" are those which have aroused the most comment.

Because of a recent revival in this country of one of his earlier plays, written during the romantic period, some mention must be made of "Peer Gynt," a name much better known by the unusually interesting, though not entirely illustrative, music of Grieg. we have Ibsen at his best, in the days when he had not forsworn romanticism, though he was only partially clothed with its mantle. "Peer Gynt" is an exposition of egoist hedonism, of the extreme of the epicurean philosophy and all the evils which come in its train. And here, as an exception to his usual rule, he furnishes an antidote. Peer Gynt gives himself up to a life of pleasure, is absolutely sufficient unto himself, caring naught for his duties to society nor the rights of others. Of course, after he has run the gamut, he is pretty well exhausted in every way, and here comes the love of a good woman to redeem him from his sins. That is not the later Ibsen method, and, indeed, the evolution is not quite clear as given. It was a concession of youth to the demands of the public, but he seldom afterwards erred in this direction. The play is regarded by many as his strongest work, because more than any other it is intelligible, and the development is at least rational. It is not without some of the perverseness and obstinacy of the author, but we have a sort of Wagnerian drama fetched into modern times, and the author appears as a moralist pure and simple. Generally, he wants his hearers to turn moralists after furnishing them with text and example.



About twenty years ago, when I was young and enthusiastic about the stage, and, so far as Ibsen was concerned, was in a state of amazement over reading two of his plays, I was asked, while in Munich, to go with a chance acquaintance to make a call on the dramatist, who was spending the summer in the Tyrol. I was ready for anything, from a tramp in the Harz Mountains to a stagger at the sacred precincts of Bayreuth, and so I accepted—not without inward tremors. I concluded that nothing worse than being eaten alive could happen to me, and so we went.

The poet was in his garden when we arrived, and we were shown into his library, while a servant called him. I confess I have never been more astonished at the appearance of any man in my life, for I had not even seen a picture of him. He looked like a cross between a great-owl and a jinnee. His red face was surrounded by a perfect corona of white hair and beard, which stood out straight from his

head and gave him a peculiar and, I was about to say, a most sinister appearance, but that would not be true, for his smile was kindly, and his demeanor pleasant, though not in the least effusive. In the early stages of the conversation, which were either in German or French—with which I had no more than an Ollendorf acquaintance—my friend would stop to interpret what the "master" said, though they were mere commonplaces. Suddenly some topic was sprung, and the two went at each other hammer and tongs, with a swiftness and volubility that was distressing. At the close of the discussion Ibsen smiled and shook hands, and we went out.

Naturally, I was curious to know what the discussion was about, but my friend—a European—was silent, except for ejaculating occasionally in various tongues: "Wonderful!" "Amazing!" "It is impossible!" and the like, and that is all I ever got out of him. But I have always had a kindlier feeling for Ibsen and his work ever since, because I could see, on closer inspection, that his face was marked with lines which betokened sorrow and distress. For though he was outwardly calm in the storm that raged about him, he was by no means indifferent to it.



It is safe to say that Ibsen is a force to be reckoned with for many years to come. A definitive edition of his works in English is being issued, with occasional efforts to give some idea of his poetry, and when this is completed there will be a better chance to study the man and his works as a whole and in an orderly development, instead of by piecemeal, as has been the case up to now. That he will ever become popular seems improbable. If Shaw, with all his wit and a good deal of the same attitude toward life and the drama, fails to draw, except during occasional seasons of excitement, we can hardly expect Ibsen to appeal to the masses. It is much more likely that some man with the profundity of Ibsen, and with his poetical genius, along with the cleverness of Shaw, may establish a school of the drama that will be of the same general purport, but much more intelligible to us than Ibsen can possibly be under any circumstances.

In the mean time it seems incredible that there should have been so much of hysteria over Ibsenism, and quite impossible that such a condition could again exist should another Ibsen arise. It seems to me that one can read his plays and see them acted, and differ totally from the point of view of the author, as well as dislike his handling of the subject or his general intellectual atmosphere, and still not lose a wink of sleep or have the pulse beat any quicker. Ibsen's situation was the same as that of any reformer or inventor: he had to fight the embattled hosts of conservatism. Not but that conservatism would be glad to

have him ignored entirely; but it always fears for its prestige, for its accumulations, and to protect these the banner must be unfurled by the state, the church, and society in general. We all remember the struggles of Charles Darwin. Doubtless, many readers can remember when he was looked upon as an emissary of the devil, and as such was denounced in pulpits. Yet there is no difficulty in the most ardent evolutionist being an orthodox church vestryman in these days. Possibly Ibsen will be in the same category some years hence.

2

People who are fond of the Henry Arthur Jones or Clyde Fitch or Arthur W. Pinero drama will not find Ibsen to their liking, and certainly not at the first dose; but there is this about Ibsen: he haunts you, and though you may not like him, you go again to see his plays at the very first opportunity. When you begin arguing with yourself you are apt to be lost. Of the ordinary play which you see, a verdict is passed at once and the subject dismissed from the mind, except for occasional small talk. But when you have placed before you with complete naturalness an exposition of the main themes of life, particularly those which pertain to the sexual relation, with nothing hidden, nothing glossed over, and nothing excused, you are obliged to give the matter attention.

Having suffered so much of the bitterness of life, it is likely that Ibsen suffered somewhat from mental and moral strabismus. At least, where he disappoints the casual reader is in his apparent lack of proportion, his ignoring of all perspective. We all know had men and women, unpleasant creatures of all sorts, but they are surrounded by lovable, warm-blooded people such as make up the mass of society. Some seem to think that the Ibsen propaganda ignores the better things of life, and is utterly given over to pessimism, not to say iconoclasm.

This is a very superficial view. Ibsen was a propagandist, not a painter. He was not anxious to fill in his picture so as to make up a complete reflection of all phases of life. He simply attacked error as he saw it and wherever he found it. Take a modern play, like Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." With what wonderful art the dramatist has marshalled a host of all sorts and conditions of people! Even in the principals there is a fine arrangement of contrasting temperaments to give light and shade. How fully the whole is submerged with romanticism to make the heart beat faster and thrill the imagination! Every sense is pandered to, and every chord of emotion is struck. Such a play pleases every one.

Compared with "Cyrano," a play of Ibsen's seems like a frost upon

orange blossoms. Ibsen will not let your emotions be stirred, except through the intellect. You must think before you get excited, and that, as we all know, is almost a complete deterrent. But Ibsen tells truths. He may not tell the whole truth or nothing but the truth. The kind of truth which he tells is apt to be one-sided. It omits too many of the facts of heredity, of environment, of human passions. Ibsen would admit all that and say that he was an idealist, and not a romanticist, which practically explains the whole of his philosophy. Yet the world cannot do without idealism. It grows upon it, feeds upon it, and is unconsciously demanding more and more of it, though seeming to reject it. Through it the real progress of the world is made. It leads the van, and it is sure to be as unpopular as it is to be successful.

And this recalls a saying of the late Carl Schurz, who was also a revolutionist, a warrior against the existing order in many ways, a man who in totally different fields of labor had some of the experiences of Ibsen, though much more of success; who in championing what he thought right was as uncompromising as Ibsen himself. When reproached for seeming to set up standards unattainable he made the pregnant remark:

"Ideals are like the stars: you never will be able to touch them with your hands."

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### THE ARTIST

BY MINNA IRVING

THE New Year came and dipped his brush In morning's blue and rose,
And painted with a master-hand
The canvas of the snows.
Beneath his rapid strokes the pink
Of wild arbutus grew,
With gold of dancing daffodils,
And violets bright with dew.

But even while I lingered there,
Held breathless by his art,
And watched beneath his magic touch
The buds and blossoms start,
Among the branches overhead
I heard a robin sing,
And saw a rainbow in the sky,
And knew that it was spring!



# WHY ROLLISON WENT TO SUMATRA

#### BY GEORGE EDWIN HUNT

OLLISON went to Sumatra because Brownlee ate a club sand-That's the fact of the matter. Of course there were details surrounding the case, and those details are the story. Rollison's apartments were the Mecca toward which the faces of some half-dozen intimates were turned every afternoon at five o'clock. His black Pomeranian's joyful bark of welcome was the muezzin call to high-balls, music, and conversation. Rollison's apartments are worth while. Heavy oriental drapings, priceless prayer rugs, luxurious couches, and exquisite bric-à-brac gathered from the four quarters of . the earth please the eye and lend comfort to the body. Faultless taste and a fat pocketbook had combined to produce perfect artistic symmetry. They correctly represent one side—the æsthetic—of their possessor. But while the elegance and comfort of his rooms are fully appreciated by his friends, Rollison's popularity is based on far more substantial grounds. In the first place, Rollison is a gentleman by instinct as well as by education. Some are gentlemen by instinct but not by education. They will do to tie to even if paté de foie gras is an unknown quantity in their dietary. Many have gentlemanliness thrust upon them. It is only a varnish, and the first scratch in the shape of one too many drinks will reveal the brute or the poltroon or the bully underneath. Others were created gentlemen and have been ground and polished by environment and education until they are the priceless gems of the social world. Such is Rollison. His word is much better than some men's bonds. Furthermore, Rollison is a dilettante in psychology. He does not know it, but he is. That is what led him to go

as driver of a circus band wagon for two months one summer, travel emigrant from Gibraltar to Calcutta on a P. and O. steamer, and perform other equally foolish and interesting stunts. Rollison denies a psychological facet to his character. He calls it reversion of type to an unknown hobo ancestor, perhaps a crusader. But, whatever the incentive, the fact remains that Rollison enjoys himself most when doing something many consider outré.

But about that Sumatra trip. If Brownlee had been a man of fixed habits, Rollison would have been dispensing hospitality at his apartments to-day; but Brownlee is regular only in his irregularities. On the day the thing started he ate a club sandwich at four o'clock in the afternoon, and in consequence was not ready for dinner at sixthirty. He lounged into Rollison's rooms a little after five, with dinner coat already donned, and made no apology therefor. Now, Brownlee is well known to be full of guile and versed in the gentle art of having his own way. He did not want to dine until late, and he wanted Rollison to dine with him. The obvious thing to do was to keep Rollison's mind free from thought of food until he, Brownlee, was ready for it. So to this end he interpolated strong drink and dilute conversation. Rollison's man, Wilkins, served four high-balls to each before six o'clock. While Wilkins was investing Rollison with dinner clothes, Brownlee broached a fishing trip up the Saguenay, and kept Rollison's mind off of food for three drinks more, three drinks representing three-quarters of an hour. Then they went to the club in Brownlee's runabout.

At the club Rollison suddenly thought of dinner, and insisted on immediate food. Brownlee told him he had a depraved appetite, and that it was drink, not food, he craved. So they compromised the matter Brownlee's way, and had three-quarters of an hour of mint smashes, one to the quarter. After the third Rollison's mind again reverted to dinner. He strongly intimated he would have food or blood, and if the matter was delayed much longer it might be both. Brownlee, by this time nothing loath, consented, and they sent for the steward. The dinner ordered, by mutual consent they whiled away the interval with a couple of dry Martinis and a Santa Cruz rum punch.

At the table the first bit of unpleasantness arose. Rollison wanted White Seal with his dinner, and Brownlee preferred Yellow Label. They argued the matter long. The soup was getting cold, so the head waiter cut the Gordian knot by modestly suggesting a quart of each. They thanked him sincerely for the suggestion, and acted on it. The dinner was so soothing, a quart of Pink Top was agreed upon for finishing out the meal. Then came more trouble. Brownlee wanted crême yvette with his cigarette, and Rollison stood out for white crême de menthe. Again was the imminent deadly breach averted by the bland suggestion from the head waiter that both cordials were pro-

curable, and that each might have his choice. Rollison was sincerely grateful. He told Brownlee, in the head waiter's presence, that the head waiter ought to have his salary raised, and that he, Rollison, proposed to call the attention of the house committee to the matter. He then folded his napkin carefully and tucked it away in the inner pocket of his coat, after which they left the dining-room, for the avowed purpose of getting a little fresh air, a suggestion of Brownlee's.

On the sidewalk Brownlee paused, removed his hat, and made several earnest and soulful efforts to inspire all the surrounding atmos-

phere, while Rollison watched him admiringly.

"Do—do it again, Char—Charlie, old man," Rollison prayed.
"You're creatin' qui' a breeze. Duzzit make you feel berrer?"

On being gravely assured that it did, Rollison laid his hat on the sidewalk, threw back his coat, and swelled up like a pouter pigeon, repeating the operation several times. He then announced that he felt "mush berrer," and further declared that "wha' we need sexercise," following up his opinion by placing his hands on his knees and offering Brownlee a "back." Brownlee promptly leap-frogged over, offered Rollison a back, and the exercise continued. Near the corner, Rollison, after vaulting Brownlee, saw, somewhat to his surprise, another party stooping over in front of him, and promptly flew over that back, giving a hearty thump on the shoulders as he did so. Brownlee was about to follow his lead when an old Irish lady straightened up from tying her shoe and began to yell: "Murther! Pole-e-ece!" in a distressingly loud tone of voice. A large basket of provisions by her side indicated that she was just returning from market.

Brownlee and Rollison were profuse in their apologies. Rollison assured her he was much mortified.

"Why, ma dear Missus—I did n't catch name, mad'm," suggested Rollison insinuatingly, as he bowed profoundly.

"McGuire, sor. Oi 'm Micky McGuire's widdy. Ye mind Micky?" she asked. "He was corner polisman at Washington and Pinnsylvaney for siven years."

Neither Rollison nor Brownlee had had the pleasure of Patrolman McGuire's acquaintance, but they were too courteous to distress his

interesting widow by acknowledging the fact.

"Do I mind Micky!" responded Rollison feelingly. "Do I min' Micky! Charlie, lady wan's to know 'f I min' Micky! Why, Micky's deares' fren'. Micky an' I went dancin' school 'gether," which last remarkable statement went unchallenged as Brownlee was at that moment solemnly pumping Mrs. McGuire's arm up and down as he squeezed her hand and assured her in broken tones that the widow of Micky McGuire might depend on him as on a brother.

Suddenly Rollison realized his social obligations.

"Ma dear mad'm, 'low me 'troduce myself. Rich'rd Ran'all Roll'son, atchur service, an' this 's my deares' fren'—'cept Micky—always 'cept Micky—Charles Chester Brownlee. Mis' McGuire, Misser Brow—Brownlee."

Brownlee grasped the widow's hand again and gravely pumped it up and down as he informed her: "'S proudes' momen' 'f ma life. Wish you man' happy returns 'f the day."

Rollison's glance fell on the market basket.

"Char—Charlie, ma boy, Mis' Micky—I beg pard'n—Mis' McGuire's carryin' home sus—sust'nance. Shall we per—permitter carry home sus—sust'nance unnaided? Shall we?"

To which Brownlee replied, indignant at the implied lack of chivalry in the question: "Ne—never!"

So it came to pass that in another moment the Widow McGuire, in black bombazine skirt, black bonnet, and plaid shawl, was walking down the street, her toil-worn hand resting on Rollison's arm, where he had placed it with infinite care, while Charles Chester followed with the market basket. Rollison exerted his conversational powers to be agreeable. Brownlee was exerting his physical powers to keep up. In fact, Charles Chester had all the worst of it. The market basket was not only heavy, but it seemed unusually fractious and clumsy. It bounced against his legs in a particularly distressing fashion. Presently the loss of a cabbage and a couple of potatoes necessitated a halt on his part for their capture and replacement. Success in this little adventure was achieved only after an infinite expenditure of care and pains. Lack of coördination between eye and hand could have been noted by the most casual observer. The potatoes were especially elusive, but by closing one eye he decreased the visible supply to the point where a corner of the market was finally accomplished. Resuming the basket, he plodded on faithfully, if erratically. Suddenly an idea of prodigious import took form in his mind. He set the basket carefully down on the curb, and before Mrs. McGuire could reply to Mr. Rollison's polite inquiry regarding whether she was going to golf this summer, he loudly called:

"Say, fellows!" The couple paused and turned. "Come 'ere, quick." They came. Brownlee straightened himself to his full height and shook his forefinger at Rollison.

"Dick—Dicky, 'm 'shamed you. Let lady walk when she 's gottoner dancin' pum—umps, maybe. You're so thought—thoughtless. 'S no way treat a lady. Wai—wait'll I call carriage."

Rollison burst into tears and swore Brownlee was his "deares' fren'" for the suggestion, and Charles Chester tacked back and forth till he reached the opposite side of the street, where carriages abounded.

They took Mrs. McGuire and the marketing home in state, and

politely accepted her invitation to dine the following Sunday at one o'clock. After their departure Mrs. McGuire remarked to the cat:

"Sure and it's fine, iligant gintlemen they are, and mighty fond of poor owld Micky, but I do be thinking they had had a dhrink or two the day," which proves Mrs. McGuire to have been a woman of rare discernment.

At the carriage door Mr. Brownlee expressed his intention of taking a nap, suggested with a vague wave of his hand that the driver "jus' drive roun' anywhere," and implored Mr. Rollison to join him in a siesta. He claimed the Camembert cheese had been "too-o many for 'im." Mr. Rollison repudiated the invitation with infinite scorn, and, carefully closing the carriage door on his careworn friend, mounted to the box with the driver.

During the first portion of the return drive Mr. Rollison regaled the inhabitants along the line of march with a stentorian rendition of a song very popular with him at the time. The first eighty verses recited the following interesting historical fact:

There was an old man named Bill, Who lived on the side of a hill, A-n-n-d he has n't been sober since last October, And I don't think he ever will!

The chorus remained the same for each verse, the evident intention of the author being to impress the moral of the verse on the minds of his hearers. It ran:

And I don't think he ever will,
I don't think he ever will.
O-o-h-h, he has n't been sober since last October,
And I don't think he ever will!

Justice having been done to the ditty, Rollison's psychologic or hobo facet came to the front, and during the remainder of the drive he acquired much interesting information. He learned that the driver's name was James Billings, better known to his intimates as Baldy Billings, for obvious reasons. He learned further that the nigh hoss had a spavin, and that there was n't no money in ownin' your own outfit no more, nohow. Also, that the Cab Drivers' Union was holding an informal "beer and smoker" that evening to talk over matters of importance, and that he, Baldy, was unable to be present, as it was his night on, and his employers were obdurate. Rollison diplomatically secured invitations for Brownlee and himself to attend the beer and smoker, promptly retained Mr. Billings and his carriage by the hour until further orders, and urged precipitancy in reaching the hall, for fear the beer might otherwise be all gone.

Charles Chester was difficult to arouse. His first intelligible noise in response to shakings and proddings was: "Whassamarrer?" But when thoroughly awakened he was as a giant refreshed. Immediately after their introduction to the members of the union, he proceeded to make himself useful. The skill with which he drew a "solid" glass of beer for himself and a "Coney Island" for Rollison, from one of the three kegs convenient in a corner of the room, filled the cab drivers with admiration. Baldy's guests were first made welcome for his sake, but soon were doubly welcome for their own. Within thirty minutes after their appearance the hall resounded with "ayes" as they were unanimously elected to honorary membership in the union. Shortly after this Charles Chester was in his shirt sleeves, a towel pinned about his waist, and had assumed charge of the liquid refreshments.

Rollison entered feelingly into the questions under discussion, and earnestly advocated a stand for fewer hours and more pay. He said:

"As a consist'nt, frequ'nt, an' remoo—moo—remooner'tive patr'n 've the members 'f this organ—organ'zashun, I 'nsist on more hours 'n' fewer pay." Charles Chester handed him a fresh beer, patted him encouragingly on the shoulder, and said with admiration: "Keepitup, ol' man. Tha' 's a swell speech you 're makin'."

While Baldy Billings was discussing the passing of the independent cab driver and his absorption by the larger establishments, Richard Randall Rollison sat alternately wrapped in thought and busy with a lead pencil. At the conclusion of Mr. Billings's remarks, he took the floor and begged leave to present a resolution, which he had fearfully and wonderfully written on the back of a wedding invitation.

"Misser Presiden' an' gen'l'men, in view of the fac' that fun'rals form vast source income to our members, I desire to pr'sent followin' resol—resolushun 'n' move 'ts 'doption.

"Resolved:—That we view with 'larm increasin' ten'ncy to 'stablish down-town crem'tories as bein' inim—inim'cal to bes' int'rests this organ—organ—this body!" he concluded.

A wall-eyed party in the rear rose to remark that he could n't see no sense in that. He did n't object to them crematories, as his wife frequently dropped in there for ice-cream of an evening. Charles Chester pressed him down in his seat, and placed a fresh glass of beer in his hand, as being easier than entering into explanations, while the resolution went through with a hurrah.

But finally came a time when Charles Chester was out of a job for want of material. The beer was out, the kegs were empty, the play was over. 'T was time to ring down the curtain and depart. And it was then that Richard Randall paved the way for an early departure for Sumatra. Rising to his feet, he secured recognition from the chair, and spoke long and feelingly regarding capital and labor, finally nar-

rowing his remarks to a consideration of the financial affairs of the Cab Drivers' Union. He had been informed by his friend, Mr. Dugan, the popular and efficient secretary of the organ—organ—body—that a bloated, plutocratic landlord charged three dollars per evening as rental for the hall in which they met. He desired to call the attention of those present to the fact that three dollars would buy a keg of beer, and was their money to go to doubly enrich a sordid bondholder while the members of this organ—body—were suffering for beer? No, by heaven! And again, no! Not while Richard Randall Rollison had apartments in which they might meet.

"An' so, Misser Pres'dent, I move that in future all meetin's 'f this organ—organ—organ'zashun—I knew I could do it!"—a gratified aside to Brownlee—" be held in my rooms at the Alamo 'partmen'

house."

The motion was seconded by Charles Chester, and carried amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

And that was why, when the faithful gathered at five o'clock the following afternoon, they found Rollison deep in preparations for a hasty but extended trip to the far east. And that was why the popular and efficient secretary, Mr. Dugan, at the next meeting of the union, presented a courteous note from Brother Rollison, regretting a forgotten engagement to dine with a friend in Siboga would compel him to leave the city for several months, and hoping the union would accept the enclosed receipt for a year's rent of the hall as a slight token of his enthusiasm for the organization.

If Brownlee had not eaten that club sandwich it would not have happened.

## WHY APRIL WEEPS

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

BUBBLING o'er with lilting laughter,
Butterflies a-fluttering after,
April dances in;
Shades her eyes with rosy fingers,
Looks toward May, laughs low, and lingers;
Then her tears begin.

For, a-growing sweeter, older,
Glancing gaily o'er her shoulder
Down the backward track,—
Using all his arts to please her,
There stands March, and, just to tease her,
Calls her back.



## A CAVALIER OF FIVE

#### BY MINNA THOMAS ANTRIM

ON'S face was troubleful. Perched upon a flat stone overlooking a stretch of matchless country, he bent lowering eyes toward the House of his Enemy.

Below, at the heel of the hill upon whose crest Don's stately habitation rested, a rose-embowered cottage nestled. Therein dwelt his foe. With lips a-quiver, Don rubbed the big lump upon his head Painfully it reminded him of a stone cast by one whose sins were grievously many.

His small legs a-dangle kicked his stony seat angrily. He smote the rock in order to discharge part of the clamoring force within. Meek Don was not, although he was of gentle habit. He longed with a mighty longing to have his foe beneath his sturdy heel. Alack! the Red-headed Boy was several inches taller, and, besides, his ability to run away Don had never seen equalled.

His stepfather, Keith Kennedy, who was also his model and hero, had said it was unmanly to throw stones; therefore Don had refrained. Also Keith had assured him that only cowards ran away, hence Don held his ground and tried to dodge all missiles. He had n't fought, because his mother had told him that it was naughty.

As may be seen, Don's dilemma was a sore one. Upon the rock, therefore, sat he trying to think out a warfare in which a gentleman might engage without the disapproval of his elders. Eight small fingers cruelly indented two pink palms. Was a little boy to endure without end the taunts and missiles of a big one? Was his head to be empurpled forever? Must he suffer ignominious taunts from Ethel, his fiancée, until the end of time? His reverie was interrupted by a familiar voice—hers.

"Tan I tum over, Don?"

Could she come over! With eyes alight Don leaped down from his high seat to open the stubbornly latched gate. Entered Ethel as usual, crisply starched, and beribboned to match the sky. Down she sat, her sash carefully outspread. Her cavalier, to suit her lesser height, dropped also upon the grass. Being thus comfortably placed, Ethel eyed him disdainfully.

"'Cept I did n't be mad at Jimmy, I would n't tummed over," she

began.

Don's face lengthened dolorously, but his lips were mute.

"'Course," she went on, "I'm mad wiv Jimmy, but he ain't no 'fraid-cat. You is." Snap went two ruby lips. Snap went two heavenblue eyes. Deeper red splatches mottled the pink of Don's chubby cheeks. Outrageous fortune still pursued him. Again he must bear the ignominy of accusation. It was unbearable.

"I ain't no 'fraid-cat, Effel Taylor," he said hotly.

"You is," calmly repeated his lady; "'cept you was n't, you would 'a' frowed anuvver stone back at Jimmy."

Don rose. He could not sit under her blows.

"Keif says 'at frowin' stones is bad. If I'm bad, I won't go up to heaven in de skies," said he.

Ethel sniffed. "Heaven ain't in de sky 't all. Mr. Carrol 'at tums to see Auntie Roma, he says 'at heaven is where Auntie Roma is. I likes to listen 'at big people's speakin' 'bout heaven, and uvver fings. Mr. Carrol says awful funny fings."

"Keif says funnier fings 'n Mr. Carrol," said Don proudly. "He

tan make your papa-holler."

"Humph!" flashed Ethel. "'At's nuffin. 'Sides, my papa he says your papa is—cwazy."

"Cwazy! My papa lives where God lives," said Don.

"I mean 'at Mr. Kennedy is cwazy."

"Keif cwazy?" echoed Dan.

"Yes," repeated Ethel; "he's cwazy 'bout you—papa sayed he is. Dere ain't nuffin' in de whole world 'at my papa don't know."

"Keif knows more," flashed Don, reseating himself.

"He don't!" contradicted Ethel. "He don't know when it's doin' to wain. My papa does. He sayed it was doin' to jes' pour yester' mornin' an' it did pour, an' he sayed it was doin' to stop, an' it did stop."

Don answered not. Could it be possible that Keith was not, after all, the wisest man in the world? He was—he surely was, thought the boy loyally. Suddenly memory prodded his halting tongue.

"Pooh!" said Keith's champion. "Keif can tell what's 'way off

at the uvver side of de rainbow."

Ethel's eyes widened. The immensity of knowledge suggested filled

her with awe. "What is?" she breathed, leaning forward eagerly.

"A big pot of dold," said Don triumphantly.

Ethel's silence Don interpreted as a word-failing tribute to the perspicacity of his hero. Courtesy, however, taught him to boast no further of Keith's prowess. Meanwhile, behind the children was stealthily creeping a boy whose hair flamed against the velvety green of the turf, and in whose round eyes malice gleamed evilly. In one freckled hand he poised a mottled object. Angered by Don's proximity to his self-styled "beau," he gave an unearthly yell and flung the dead garter-snake at Don, then ran away, shricking with glee. Bad aiming sent it into the girl-child's lap, and the tiny morsel of womanhood was literally frozen with horror of the loathsome object. Terror-stricken though he was, Don bravely grasped the reptile in his small right hand, and flung it as far as he could. As is the way with her sex, the danger past, Ethel ran shricking across the lawn, out of the gate, across the dusty road and into her "Auntie Roma's" arms.

Don, meanwhile, between personal fright and anxiety for his playmate, lay in a semi-dazed state for some time, then painfully walked into the house. For several days a sort of feverish stupor held him, but finally his nerves righted themselves. During his convalescence, Keith and he held a counsel of war. It was written, however, that many days should pass ere Don was to profit by his step-father's counsel, for the artful Jimmy had also come to grief. Measles, that ancient enemy of youth, bound him to remain indoors or pay the penalty. Jimmy remained. When he was able to begin hatching mischief again, Don and Ethel were digging for shells at a nearby watering-place.

The Keith Kennedys, with Don and the baby sister, and Ethel's father, Harold Taylor, and her Aunt Roma, were staying at the same seashore hotel.

It was eleven o'clock-bathing hour. The beach was alive with humanity.

"Seem's if you're not likin' me when we are at de seashore," said Ethel, looking aggressively into Don's sunburned face.

Up from his sand castle stared the boy.

"Seems so," repeated Ethel, digging her ten pink toes into the wet sand.

"'Cause I like Sadie, is 'at why?" asked Don anxiously.

Into his eyes his sweetheart looked jealously.

"Yes," she answered, "'at is tause why. She has wed hair, is 'at why you likes Sadie best? Do you sink wed hair pitty?"

"I don't like Sadie best. I likes her too. She's lame," said Don pityingly.

Ethel's brown eyes gleamed. "She goes hipperty-hop like iss." The child walked with an exaggerated limp—whereat up jumped Don, his face wearing an expression that terrified the smaller child.

"Don't you do 'at adain," he said, tears in his eyes, his voice trembling. "Don't you dare walk like poor Sadie adain, Effel Taylor," he repeated. Then, after looking into her face indignantly for an instant, he stalked away down the beach, to where some crippled children from a near-by sanatorium were enjoying to the utmost their week of joy. Don joined them and was uproariously welcomed.

From thence on, during Sadie's stay, Don divided his time equally between the two little girls. Although Ethel had in her the quality of selfishness abnormally developed, she really adored the playfellow from whom she usually exacted undivided allegiance and service, hence, since Don would not ignore the little cripple, Ethel ignored Don when he lingered near Sadie. She never forgot that this child of misfortune had been the cause of Don's stamping his foot in anger at her.

Upon the contrary, in Sadie's eyes this beautiful child, always dressed so exquisitely, was angelic. To look at Ethel was enough. That such a radiant being would play with her never entered the afflicted but happy child's head. So, except to smile upon Ethel as a humble brownie might at a fairy queen, Sadie never gave Don's proud little playfellow any cause of offense.

"Is n't she the loveliest little girl in the whole world?" said Sadie,

gazing after Ethel, as she walked away.

"Who?" asked Don.

"The little girl in the white bathing suit."

"No," said Don; "she has n't kind eyes"—which comment happily Ethel did not hear.

Some hours later, Ethel's Aunt Roma (Miss Cardeza) and the children were sitting upon the hotel piazza. Susan, Don's faithful servitor, and Elsa, Ethel's long-suffering nurse, attended their charges at a respectful distance. Don was lazily watching Roma Cardeza's face, which was as Italian in type as her name, although she was an American. Her eyes were peculiarly fascinating. They were dark in color, curtained heavily, and of great brilliance. Don, chin upon both hands, was looking into them with an intentness that, to say the least, was disconcerting.

Roma laughed nervously. "What's the matter, Don?"

"I was finkin' 'bout what Mr. Carrol sayed," said the boy dreamily. A rose lurking near Roma's cheeks flashed a scarlet signal.

"Mr. Carrol! What did he say?" she asked, looking around, lest there be listeners. Ethel was too far away to hear.

"He sayed 'at heaven was where you are. Where'bouts, Miss Roma?"

"Mr. Carrol is—is—— See, Don!" she exclaimed. "Out there—no, 'way out!"

"Where?" gasped the astonished boy.

"The biggest sort of a wave," stammered Roma weakly.

Don stared, found no wave very remarkable, whereupon he reseated himself. "Miss Roma, is heaven in your eyes?" he continued. "Dey's so shiny."

For an instant the girl's face was a study, then she stooped and kissed her little cavalier.

"No, darling; heaven is-is a beautiful place-"

"I know," interrupted Don—" where the sun looks all doldy, and where it's far off. Keif telled me so."

"Keith is quite right, dear," said Roma softly.

"An' Mr. Carrol was 'staken," pursued Don.

"Yes," flushed Roma more softly.

The summer ended—as summers will—and back to "The Willows" the Kennedys had come. The trees, clad in their autumnal glory, were of immense interest to the children. In the near-by woods the little ones spent hours daily, especially where the chestnut and shellbark trees, being prodded, showered down nuts into Don's little cap and Ethel's small skirt. Gala days were these among the fallen leaves, with frolicsome squirrels, whose forefathers had scrambled up and about the same trees, after the same old tidbits, as companions. Happy kidlets!

Alack-a-day that into their Eden discord should be hastening upon shoeless feet. Jimmy had also ended his summer vacation. Don's fright and consequent illness had not been reported to his father, who was ill at the time; thus it came that Jimmy Strong escaped chastisement. To mend his ways had no part or parcel in his life-plan; to escape painful consequences alone concerned him.

One day, the next after his return, he went prowling in the woods for Don and Ethel. He finally saw them, and, as usual, tip-toed near. The children were breathlessly watching the antics of a hoary old squirrel. Ethel sat with her small lap filled with leaves, which she was weaving, with the aid of tiny sticks, into a gorgeous wreath. Don sat cross-legged under the chestnut tree up which the squirrel was trying to make his way. For once, Don's back was to his little playmate.

The prowling Jimmy saw by the posture of Don's legs that they could not untangle themselves as swiftly as his own could sprint; besides, had he not had sufficient proof that the boy was a coward when it came to fighting? Hence up to Ethel he crept soundlessly, and, with an entirely new sort of blood-curdling yell, pulled the child's Vol. LXXIX.—33

sunny hair with all the strength of fostered malice. Ethel's scream had scarcely begun when Don was beside her and had taken in the situation at a glance. He beheld the gleeful Jimmy fleeing through the woods like a hare. So great was his haste that he fell sprawling over the stump of a small tree. With a yell as nearly mate to his fallen foe's as he could evolve, Don was upon him, his knee upon the big boy's chest, his two raging fists pounding his enemy's face. At last Don felt the primal thrill of battle. With corresponding rage, the pugilistic Jimmy tried to throw off his foe, but his jacket had caught in some brush in a manner to prevent, and in the position in which he lay he was unable to ward off Don's blows. Only when the conqueror became exhausted from pounding, did he desist.

"Now," said he, breathing hard, "you big, bad coward to hurt a

little dirl, don't you never scare Effel adain."

Jimmy tried to rise, but as a vise the spike-like brushwood held him.

"Dit up," commanded Don, "and dit out of our woods." Whereupon, without a backward look, the conqueror turned away and ran

back to comfort the weeping Ethel.

Half an hour later, the children gathered up their nuts and Ethel's wreath, and started homeward. Night was near. As they approached the recent battle-field, a very small voice startled them. Telling Ethel to wait, Don hurried on. There, in exactly the position in which Don had left him, Jimmy still lay.

"Don," he whimpered, "I can't get loose. I-my eye-I can't

hardly see \_\_\_ "

Don stooped and looked anxiously into the freckled face of Jimmy, one of whose eyes he had indeed closed.

"Tan't you dit up?" Don asked.

Jimmy sobbed.

"Tan't you if I help you?" asked Don sympathetically.

"It's me coat," bawled Jimmy. "It's ketched fast somewhere."
Don investigated. "Ketched" it was, and very fast indeed. In
spite of Don's efforts, he could not release his prisoner of war.

"He'll have to sleep out here in de dark night!" danced Ethel.

"Nasty boy!"

Don motioned her to merciful silence, and began tugging again at Jimmy's coat. Finally something gave way, and the boy was free. Up he jumped, revenge in his eye, but with a howl he sat down again.

"I can't walk," he blubbered. In falling against the stump, he had struck his ankle, which had swollen to double its normal size.

"If I helped, tould n't you?" asked Don anxiously.

"I'll—I'll try," wailed Jimmy.

"I would n't help him," protested Ethel. "Tum, let's go."

But Don offered his foe his sturdy shoulder. Whereupon, the ex-fighter, leaning heavily, alternately limped and hopped through the woods and finally reached his father's house, Ethel the while watching with scornful eyes.

That night Don confessed the entire story to his military adviser, Keith.

"You are a warrior after my own heart," chuckled his step-father, laying his hand on Don's shoulder approvingly.

In his prayers that night, the victor silently prayed for the speedy recovery of the vanquished.

The day after, Don was giving a dinner party. For the first time he wore the customary garb of a Cavalier of High Degree. In black velvet knee-breeches, wide lace collar, silken hose, and varnished leather pumps, Don looked the part. From ringlets, Keith had mercifully saved his comrade. He looked very handsome indeed to Ethel, who arrived a few moments after he came out upon the porch to await his guests. Keith had sent the big touring car for several children who were to attend Don's birthday feast and who lived some distance away.

Ethel, looking like an enlarged pink carnation, approached her host.

"I brung you a present," she said importantly. "It tost a whole dollar out o' my bank. 'Cept Auntie Roma did n't put anuvver dollar in, I would n't brung it to you."

Don's expression changed from delight to dolor. Mechanically be reached for the gift. The donor held onto it.

"Dess first," she commanded, "or you don't det it."

" A-a-knife?" said Don hopefully.

"No!" exclaimed Ethel, dancing about in her excitement.

"A mouf organ?" he said, his eyes still glowing.

"No!" shricked Ethel.

" A-a-game?"

"No, no; course it ain't." Then, with a quick twist of her flower-like body, his tormentor turned her back, then, whirling again, flashed the gift before his eyes. "A tup and saucer," announced Ethel, holding it up proudly.

"Fanks," said Don faintly. He had so wished for a knife! But, recovering from his disappointment, he repeated his "Fanks" more heartily. He made no further effort to relieve Ethel of the, to him, white elephant.

"I buyed it myself," she said. "When we have our dinner at your house, I choose dis cup and saucer, 'tause I buyed it."

"All right," said her host generously.

Suddenly his face brightened. He had spied the car coming. It was laden with laughing children. Putting down the cup and saucer, Ethel followed Don to the driveway. A little later Keith assisted two small boys and two smaller girls to alight. One of these was Sadie, the little lame girl. With an angry flutter of her skirts, Ethel sidled away from her detested rival.

"Tum here wight away, Don," she commanded arrogantly. Don obeyed in wonder. "I did n't know 'at Sadie was tummin' to your party, 'cept I did I would n't tummed over," she said angrily.

"Sadie is staying at our minister's house," Don said. "I wanted

her to my party. She's nice."

Turning her back upon him, Ethel deliberately approached Sadie. "Ain't you dot no party dwess?" asked she, sniffing.

"Only this one," said the child happily. "Mis' Russell made it."

"Pooh!" sniffed Ethel. "Mine's silk-"

"Dinner is served," said Keith, with great formality. "Whom will you take in. Don?"

"Sadie," promptly replied Don, approaching the child. For an instant Ethel looked stunned. Then, without a word, she picked up her cup and saucer, ran off the piazza, out of the gate, across the way—home. After her the children stared in amazement.

"Did sumpin' hurt her?" asked Sadie innocently.

"No," answered Don, with inborn tact; "she is n't doin' to be at my party." But his very soul darkened within him. In that hour the glamour of Ethel faded away forever. As he listened to Sadie's sweet voice, looked into her bright face, and listened to her happy chatter, his heart sought sanctuary for the second time. He loved Sadie. He would tell Ethel, and soon, that he no longer cared to become her husband when he was a big man. She also must know his feelings. So, after a beautiful dinner and a gay hour of play afterward, when he and Sadie were seated a little apart from the other children, he broached the delicate subject to her. She stared, then laughed merrily.

"My, what a funny boy you are!" she said. "Don't you know

that lame little girls like me don't be big-ever?"

A shadow crossed the boy's sensitive face. For a moment he felt dazed, then said he: "Maybe I'll stay little like you."

At which Sadie laughed even more merrily. "You are a awful

funny boy, Don," she repeated.

Looking distinctly hurt, Don turned and walked toward the motorcar, which was coming up from the garage to take the little ones home. Something drew his eyes to the house across the road. There, peeping between the iron bars of the gate, was a small, peevish face—a lonely child, self exiled. A day ago the sight would have thrilled Don to pity, but not now. His mind was otherwise occupied.

# A PRISONER OF THE GROUND

#### A PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN STORY

By Georg Schock

Or every side. Sometimes they were as much as two fields' breadth apart; sometimes they met and shouldered one another. The road crept between them, and the creek was discouraged by having to grope its way, so it spread out, in the only flat place it could find, and became a swamp on purpose. Among those frequent slopes, which changed their color with the seasons, the Beyerles had to be content with a narrow sky.

The largest field, lying between the road and the swamp, included a whole hill, and Asa welcomed an open February, when he could plough and get it over. The neighbors said that the Beyerle horses never travelled well on a level, because they were so accustomed to have two feet higher than the other two; here they went up and down as though they did not know they were working. They had been roans in their youth, but they were quite white now, and they set down one great hoof after another with processional dignity, never raising their heads and seeming as indifferent as two old graywhite stones. Sometimes the sun came out and made little sparkles in the furrows; sometimes a few drops of rain strengthened the smell of the earth. They went ahead, jingling the trace-chains when they turned, and tossing the red hames, just as they would if it had been snowing.

As a guided them with hardly more speculation. He was a short, dark man, with grave eyes and an expression of durable calm. Care, almost visible, walked beside him in the furrow. He was so used to the ugly neighbor that he would have missed him. When he thought, it was of weighty things or sad ones; he was glad to go on like the horses, not thinking at all.

The sun was high when he heard calling: in the stillness of the sky and the bare earth the noise was like the shattering of a delicate thing. A tanned and wrinkled old woman stood at the fence. "Ome down!" she cried.

He went to her, stepping from ridge to ridge. "Is it nine o'clock already?"

"It's after the nine." If plough and hearthstone spoke they would use the homely German. "I thought you could drink a little hot coffee once."

He tasted with suspicious smacks. "It's sugar in," he said sternly, "and butter on the bread."

"Not much. It tastes so much better. I think I can't see you eat it dry," she coaxed.

"Harriet, haven't I told you often enough that I want no sugar and I want no butter?"

"You can't say that you don't like better to have them."

"That is not it-what I like."

"Then, I don't take them either."

"I don't want you to go without; but I go without."

He drank the coffee and ate the buttered bread as though they were a treat. Then she took the kettle and, without another word, started toward the house, which a hill concealed, and he went back and ploughed.

At the sound of wheels the horses did not look up, nor did he, but again there was a shout: "Ho, Asa!"

He went to the fence, climbed it, and shook hands ceremoniously. The stranger sat in a spring-wagon on a pile of full grain-bags. He was still young, but he had a fine air of dignity, like the head of a family, used to command and dispense justice. "How goes it?" he said.

"Fairly good."

"Maria wants you to come over to eat this evening."

"So?"

There was a silence. "It takes a good while to plough this hill," the new-comer said. "How long have you been at it?"

"Since Wednesday."

As a waited for something more; the stranger also waited. "Will you come to-night?" he inquired after a while, speaking as though to gain time for an important matter.

"I guess not. I have to work late."

The older man raised his eyes; apparently the answer related itself to what was in his own mind. "Asa, I have something weighty to say to you," he said.

"What?"

"If you were any other man, I would say nothing; and if I were any other man, I would give you right if you kicked me off your farm. But since my sister Maria is promised to you, I think I must. Asa, coming down the road I passed your barn, and one end is falling

in. Half the palings are away before the house, and the porch step is rotted off the porch. I look now at your horses. You have only the two, and I myself don't see how they make out to pull the plough, they are so old. And your harness is patched till it will hardly hold together. Yet you work hard every day and all day."

Asa's expression had changed from rage to a kind of dignified acquiescence. "I have propped the end of the barn the best I could," he said, "and I begin on the fence to-morrow if it is possible. So I must finish ploughing to-night. That is why I would rather not take time to fix up and come over."

"Propping does no good. It takes a whole new end. I would tear all down and put up a new building."

"The horses can draw the plough well, and the harness will do yet a while."

As answered point for point, as though he were beating down swords, but the other man turned his defense against him. "So you are willing to let everything run down and look the way it does look?"

There was no reply.

"If you don't care what folks think of you, don't you think you ought to care about the place itself?" ("The place where my sister is to live?" his tone implied.) "Asa, what am I to think of this?"

"I have nothing to say about it, Joe."

"No, I believe you haven't," the older man said, without contempt, but as though he were addressing some one on a lower moral plane. "I believe you haven't. Good day," he added, after a little, and the horses resumed their stately trot when he shook the reins.

Asa's face was pitiful; but as the hours passed and the day's work began to lie behind him he straightened and walked like a free man. At twilight he stopped the plough and surveyed the tract of soft, quiescent earth, the timber growing in the swamp, and the acres of winter wheat, with sombre triumph. Here he was master. This ground, this fraction of primeval force, belonged to him. Upon him it depended to direct its eager fertility. He looked at it with decisive love, ready to meet the soil's great adversaries, the blight, the drought, and the untimely rain; they were also his, because the ground was his. He felt such joy as long ago the free Teuton felt in his allod and his house where no law could touch him.

When he reached home old Harriet saw that he was smiling, and stared at him. She herself looked depressed, and as the evening went by she grew more so. She sat at the kitchen table with a big sewing-basket beside her, and patched and stitched, silent except for the noise of her scissors. Her square head was bowed; her hands

were so warped and lumpy that it seemed wonderful that she could hold a needle. Her mood made an atmosphere around her. Asa was struck by it as he sat placidly mending a harness that straggled over his knees.

"Have you something, Harriet?" he asked, after several looks at her.

"The Maria was here this afternoon," she said sadly.

"Yes, well?"

"I pitied her."

"Why?"

Harriet trimmed a hole in a blanket; then she answered, "She worries."

"Over what?"

"Yes, how can you expect it of a girl not to worry, placed like she?"

"I don't know what you mean."

The old woman began to stitch and talk steadily. "I tell you the Maria she came over to help cut carpet-rags. It was like another room here, she looked so nice; she has such fine hair, and her cheeks were red, and her dress was pretty; and I said, 'Will be a good thing if you are here all the time. I would be glad if you had come long ago.' She said nothing. Then I said, 'It may be you are not sure yet,' and she said, 'Yes, I am sure. It is not my doing.' And then I asked her what this was. 'It is for him to settle it,' she said. 'I am waiting now with patience for four years—since before his father died.' I could hardly believe it. And then she told me you had never asked her to set a day. But she didn't blame you, and she said she could never take up with another man, no matter how it went."

He bent his head as though he were walking against a high wind. Harriet began again, with the words he had heard from Maria's brother in the morning: "Asa, what am I to think of this? The people are talking. They say all things about you for the way the farm looks. I think sometimes I can't stand it, but what can I answer? They see it. Asa, why don't you fix up the place, and settle down with Maria, and live in comfort?"

"It makes me very sorry if you feel bad," Asa said in a low voice.

"It is on your account that I feel bad. To hear all the talk! And the folks don't know how poor you do keep yourself. No sugar and no butter, and you said I daren't bake pies on Saturday. And I would just like to know when you had a suit of clothes."

"Don't you get enough?"

"Yes, I get enough, but sometimes I think you grudge it to me. Sometimes I think you would like better if I were no more here."

He stared at a harness buckle. "Maybe it would be better," he said.

"What?"

"Maybe it would be better if you went back to your brother's."
Harriet turned violently. "So you think would be better if I left! I was no more to your mother than a cousin, but I came and nursed her when she died, and I worked ever since to help you get along. And this is what I get!" She waited, but there was no answer except silence. "All right," she replied to it. "I go."

She did not speak again that night, and the next morning he went to his fence-mending after a breakfast without conversation. He saw her hurry past a window now and then, as though she were working hard all over the house, and at dinner, which was as economical as possible, she ate hardly anything. Her abstinence, her speechlessness, even her cleaning, struck him as insulting; he could not know that she wept maternally while she packed her trunk. When she pulled it to the front door, he left his work. "You want it fetched down to the gate, don't you?" he asked gravely.

"Yes. The stage will soon be here."

She stood very straight beside the road, and he waited near by. He looked at her several times; then he ventured: "Harriet, I hope you don't go away feeling bad."

"The house is in good order," she replied stiffly.

The stage appeared around a hill. "I am much obliged to you for all your kindness," he said. Then he helped her in. "Take care of yourself," he added. As the horses started she leaned forward as though she were jerking loose from her own anger, and called out, "Asa, you know where I will be." There was so much affection in her voice that it left him sore.

Instead of getting back to work at once, he went slowly up the walk to the house. The gray old dwelling looked fragile; pale sunlight covered it, concealing nothing; it was as silent as an empty pod. Going from room to room, he met fresh silences. Harriet was not the only person to be missed; this last departure recalled others. The house seemed full of presences—of his father and mother, of former Beyerles, long dead, of himself as a little fellow. It seemed that he must hear them—catch up with them—find them when he opened the next door—and he felt half relieved, half disappointed, in each bare, clean room with the thin sunshine on the walls. Once he sat beside a window for a while, in a rare idleness, and his sad face grew peaceful as he looked over the waiting fields.

It was still peaceful the next morning when he tramped, with his axe and his big saw, through the swamp. There had been snow in the night, and the white layer glittered under a sky bright as a Tuscan picture of Paradise. The sunny air was full of drips and tricklings; the ice on the little pools was a mere film. Green hillocks of moss appeared where the snow had melted, and patches of mud, quite black, made of generations of rotted leaves. Alder bushes grew out of it, dishevelled swamp-willows, chestnuts, and dry-leaved oaks. The taller trees had a look of disappointed dignity. Perhaps they had their own ambitions—for service in a city street, or as masts tossing and erect in wide, blue spaces—but they were fast and could never see over the little hills.

The noise of Asa's axe bounded from slope to slope. His arms worked as regularly as piston-rods. After a while the tree fell with a long, sighing rush, there were innumerable cracks and snappings, spurts of water splashed around the trunk, and it lay, covering an enormous space, with half its branches stretched up like desperate arms. As he wiped his hot face he heard a step among the soft sounds of melting. A woman was making her way between the trees; he could see the blue woollen scarf around her, and the sun on her uncovered yellow hair.

He went to meet her. "Well, Maria! Look out, it is such treacherous walking. Come over here—so." When he had helped her to the top of the stump, she stood as though on a pedestal, and he looked at her adoringly. "Aren't you cold? Your cheeks are quite red."

"It is not cold."

Her face had the lines of gaiety, of one who looks with determined cheerfulness upon the world, but now it was grave. "I heard something," she began, "and I came to find out if it is true or not."

"What did you hear?"

"I heard that Harriet went away yesterday, with the stage."

"Yes. She did."

"Then you are alone now. What will you do?"

"Get along a while."

There was much devotion in her anxious gaze and his firm meeting of it. "Asa, you can't do that."

"Why not? I get some one in when it is necessary."

"And other times you stay by yourself! Asa, I would just like to know what took Harriet away," she said angrily.

"It's no blame to her. I thought best to have her go."

"You sent her?"

"Yes."

She did not move, but she looked as though she were flying to him. She seemed to call him to defend himself against all the world and her own suspicions. "Asa, I never yet asked you any questions about your affairs; but now I want you to tell me what it means, the way you are living."

He drew a deep breath. "Did Joe talk to you, or Harriet?" he asked.

"Joe nor Harriet would not say anything against you, even if I would hear it; and you know whether I would."

There was silence for minutes, while the man's loyalties fought with one another. "All right," he said at last; "I have done all I could—worked and saved and gone without—in spite of all—to keep it quiet. Now, Maria, I tell you, but no one else. It is on account of my father."

"How is that?"

"For years before he died he saved nothing; and he left the farm only, and that not clear."

"Asa, what do you tell me? How could this be, and no one find it out?"

"Mother and I would have it so. And he did no wrong here. It was when he went to town with produce. We could never keep him from going; and he would come back, and all would be sold, and no penny to show. And when he died we found out about the mortgage."

"So this is why you live so poor, and give nothing for what the people say, and even let Harriet go? To pay off the farm and spare your father?" Her voice broke.

"It will be over-after a while. But a man cannot make much here in a year."

Suddenly she began to sob, and hurried to him. "Asa, I have thought hard of you sometimes—not often, but two or three times." Her shoulders shook and tears ran down her cheeks, but she kept her face towards his as though it were the sun.

He hesitated, for their attachment was not founded on caresses; then he put his arms around her. "You have had a hard time out of it, too," he said. "I often thought whether I shouldn't tell you——"

"I had no need to ask," she sobbed. "I might have known it was right what you did; and I did know; only, I don't know what got into me."

"Never mind." He laid his cheek against her hair for a moment. "You must stand on the stump again. It is too soft to stay long in one place. See how the mud comes up around my boots. And you will take cold." He pulled her blue scarf over her head and helped her up. "Now you know all," he said.

"Yes. And I have also something to say. Will you be angry?"
"Certainly not. Go on."

"You know I have money. It is lent out; but I could get it."

"I could not take from you. A man must make his own way."

She did her best, but he would say nothing else, and he kept looking at her as though she made up to him for all the troubles in the world. She was weeping again when she said, "Asa, you know four years have already gone by, and we are no more so young. It may be that some time we are sorry we were apart so long."

"We are happier for it when we do come together," he answered

quietly.

"If you refuse my money," she continued, "there is yet another way. And I am willing."

"What is that?"

"I know it would be a come-down. Your folks nor mine ever had to do it. But I am willing indeed."

"Yes, well?"

"If you would let the place go for the mortgage," she almost whispered, "and rent a farm until we could buy."

She waited apprehensively, but his voice was still gentle. "No, I don't do that."

"Why, Asa? When this is so hilly."

"You know why. If I would do it for myself, you can think if I would take you out of a good home to make you work so hard and live so poor."

"But if I would rather?"

He had to hunt for words. "Maria, this is my home, and it is here I want to bring you. And, also, here my father and mother were, and my grandfather and his father. All had their living from this land. I must first have it free again." He spoke as though it were the freedom of a sentient thing that pined.

She understood him. She looked beyond him at the expectant fields, and, looking, sighed. "It shall be as you say, Asa."

"I hope it will not be for long. Are you going?"

"Yes. It is late." Their voices were very grave.

"I am glad you came, Maria. You don't worry?"

"No," she said submissively. "And I would like to see you soon again."

"Soon I come."

He stood and watched as long as he could see her, with his empty arms hanging. Then he looked about, and his shoulders bent as though under a visible yoke. There lay his client acres in the sun. He took the saw and set to work with all his might, so that the swamp was loud with the sounds.

Branch after branch fell; one cream-colored spot after another appeared on the gray trunk; the pile of cord-wood rose. He worked

passionately all day; the heavy saw and the tough wood were pleasant to him. It was late in the afternoon when he brought the team through the swamp, choosing the hardest ground he could find.

When the wagon was loaded and the horses had begun their homeward march, he walked slowly beside them. The sun blazed above the bare, ploughed hill; the naked trees looked cold; the watery sounds were still. He heard nothing but the flapping of oak-leaves and the crush of mud under the wheels.

In the midst of this peace and silence came a sudden commotion. The nigh horse began to struggle, jerking the wagon back and forth, while its mate stood and trembled. As a rushed. The horse was caught by one fore-foot in a soft patch. It plunged, wrenched itself free, and reared. A hoof struck Asa, and he fell to one side as the team moved on to firmer ground.

When his head stopped whirling he felt a horrible pain in his right leg, as though the bones were being ground. He opened his eyes. The horses, with their old heads low and their hindquarters rising above the wagon, were going on gravely. He shouted, but they did not notice. Then he started up, and all at once the broken leg doubled under him like the leg of a bran-stuffed doll, and the other foot went down.

He fell, gasping. When he could look again the team had almost reached the nearest turn. He thought of the accidents that might happen on the way to the barn, and tried again to stand, and his left foot sank as a stone sinks in water.

Then he worked. He tried the broken leg, and it threw him. He put his weight on his hands to pull himself out, and the hands plunged, and he drew them up plastered with leaves and crumbling stuff. He turned over on his breast and tried to squirm along, and the mud bubbled and gave and rose around him. When he sat up the horses had disappeared and the sun was scarcely lower.

Deliberately he settled himself to listen for passers on the road. It was not long before he heard small screams and laughter; the children were on their way from school. When he shouted, the gay sounds stopped as bird-notes stop at a sudden noise. He tried again, and there was a squeal of terror. Then silence.

He kept his face toward the slowly-dropping sun. The wind rose, playing among the branches like a harp or with deep 'cellonotes. There was an earthy smell in the air, and the alder bushes began to wear rags of gray. He thought with determined calm of his unfed stock, his unprotected house, his strayed horses, his broken leg, and the effect upon it of a night in the swamp, and he listened and listened.

The sun was nearly gone when he saw that the mud had crept over his hips. Yet he had been very still.

He had not expected this.

At first he struggled like a hooked fish; then he held himself quiet and listened, and heard a sparrow twitter. For a while his face looked as though he were busy with a hard sum. Then he drew the boot off the sound leg and threw it as far as he could. His body made a rush downward, but the boot reached solid ground. It would not sink. He cut off the other boot and laid it beside him.

In the next hour, while the mud crawled up his ribs, he took stock of his possessions and considered what would be done with them: he foresaw the whole neighborhood wondering over the mortage; he thought of Maria and her life, and of what he had meant to do. And he held himself still.

The cold mud lay against his flesh, and the pain in his leg, like stabs and grinding, made him wonder. He had not known that so much pain could be. He wondered also at what the ground was about to accomplish in the darkness. This old, familiar ground, which he had loved, to betray him thus, to reach out and put an end to him! With his eyes of the dying he looked beyond the treetops, tossed by the wind howling with beast-voices, to the stars with their small, beasts' eyes. "Lord God!" he cried.

Long afterwards a shout from the edge of the swamp aroused him, and he answered as loud as he could. Then lantern-lights came near and shone up into horrified faces; Joe, his man, and Maria leading the way. He could still speak to tell what ailed him, and they dragged him out like a root.

They carried him to the road, and Maria and her brother got him home. She prepared his bed; she heated water and brought brandy; she filled the rooms with warmth and light. Neighbors came hurrying in, and she answered them; and the man whom she had sent returned with a doctor and went away again at her order. When there was no more to do she waited until the doctor appeared from the bedroom and she could question him; then she went in and shut the door.

She sat by the bed and Asa opened his eyes. "It seems strange," he said. "I thought all was over. I thought I should see you no more. I am grateful."

"And I also."

"How did you come there in time?"

"Joe's children were talking among themselves that they had been scared this afternoon, and I asked them, and they said they had heard a spook calling in the swamp. Then I was afraid something had happened to you, and I ran down here to the house and to the barn, and I found only the horses waiting to be unhitched. So I told Joe, and we came."

"Then, I owe it to you."

"No. I was sent."

He took her hand, and they were quiet for a long while. At last she said, "Can you talk a little?"

"I like to hear you always."

"Then, dare I stay here now?"

"That would not be a good thing for you."

"Asa, do you not want me for your wife?"

He looked at her longingly. "You know it."

She leaned toward him with devotion that matched his own. "Then I stay. Some one must take care of you till you are well, and I will have no one else here in my place. No one shall care for you but I alone."

"Maria, I dare not let you do this."

"I will. If afterwards you want to wait longer, I wait longer, but now I will not go. Do you know what I felt when I was hunting you? And if you would give me the right to stay! I know what you want to say. Asa, I give you my money or not; I am willing to have you sell the farm or not; I care nothing how poor I live; but to live away from you after this, that I think I cannot do. If you mean it what you tell me, let me help to work and save."

His deep eyes seemed to see a radiance around her.

The outer door opened, and there was a noise of new arrivals in the next room. "Asa," she said, "there is the minister. I sent for him because I thought that you would die. But you live. Shall I tell him that we need him here to-morrow?"

"Tell him; and come quickly back to me."

## WHEN THE RACE IS RUN

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

Light crafts safe moored in a harbor?
Will He smile on flowers born to the sun
And trained to a sheltered arbor?
Or will He choose lives tempest-tossed,
Which His winds and His waves have riven,
And gather the buds which the sunshine lost,
To bloom in the fields of Heaven?



# EASTER-TIME IN ROME

#### ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

FULL fortnight before Easter we realized—by means of a subtle, penetrating quality in the sunshine, and a soft stir in the air on the Pincio, as of green and growing things—that spring had come to Rome. The Judas-trees which make a fine background for the many statues and portrait busts of the immortals of Rome had spread forth their branches, gay with purple-pink blossoms; and in the Borghese gardens deep-blue violets and anemones of all hues were embroidering the green carpet under the trees. On the twenty-first of March, St. Benedict's feast-day, the swallows, true to the old saying, were twittering away under the eaves of our sky-parlor:

Per San Benedetto, La Rondine è sotto il tetto.

So runs the proverb. Only a few birds came at first to keep the tryst and foretell the many to follow. Over in a hillside garden, separated from our terrace by a chasm that reaches to the street below, the wistaria had hung out its purple sprays, completely covering the old stone wall. This garden, almost near enough for us to reach out our hands and gather its flowers, is a continual delight, and even if we may not enter its gates and wander among its shrubbery, we enjoy from our terrace the beauty of its climbing roses and shining orange-trees, and when the wind is in the right direction the rich perfume of many blossoms is wafted in at our casement. Our own tiny terrace boasts some plants which bloom gratefully in return for the scanty care we give them, for in this Italy one needs only to throw a stick upon the ground to have it bud, like Aaron's rod, and bloom too, with that lavish output of beauty which belongs to these favored lands of the sun.

After this pleasant foretaste of spring there followed days of cloud and rain, when the roses and wistaria looked pale and drenched with the frequent showers, and no sunshine tempted the birds and butterflies to our garden. These days, sufficiently dark and gloomy to please the most devout, we spent as one should spend Passion Week and Holy Week in Rome—in visiting churches, with an occasional morning among the pictures and statues of the Vatican.

One day we made our way to San Pietro in Vincoli, which interesting church is said to have been founded as early as A. D. 109. However true this may be, two long lines of ancient, fluted Doric columns, dating back to the time of Trajan, still lead to the high altar. This church possesses the distinction of guarding within its walls the chains that once bound St. Peter, and the still greater and less doubtful honor of enshrining the great Moses of Michelangelo. The great Moses, this chief figure of the immense monument of Julius II must always be; and yet, perhaps because of its gigantic bulk and the grandeur of its conception, so out of proportion to the size of the building which holds it, the Moses disappointed us all. This is not the Moses of the Old Testament, the meek servant of the Lord; nor even the law-giver filled with righteous wrath against the backsliding Israelites; but a militant, revengeful Moses, more like Michelangelo's patron, Julius II, a warlike prince of the Church—which is probably what the artist intended, as he seldom failed to express what he had in mind.

If we were disappointed in the Moses, and not deeply impressed by the chains of St. Peter, we found all the reality and power of association that we had missed elsewhere in the Mamertine Prison, which we visited on Good Friday. This prison, excavated from a solid rock under the Capitol, its walls adjoining those of a palace, close by the Forum and the Coliseum, was the scene of some of the horrors that render certain pages of the history of Rome almost unreadable. It was from "the stairway of wailing" belonging to this prison that Cæsar came forth to declare to the populace on the Forum that the Cataline conspirators had been executed, making his famous announcement in a single word—" Vixerunt!" ("They have lived"). Associations more precious to Christian hearts are those which link the Mamertine Prison with the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul. In one of the cells we were shown the iron rings to which the chains of the apostles were fastened, and the fountain or spring in the floor of the cell from which water was taken for the baptism of the jailers, Processus and Martinianus.

It is believed that from these walls the two apostles addressed their noble farewells for the consolation and encouragement of their followers, St. Paul's epistle including the heroic words: "For I am Vol. LXXIX.—84 now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

If, indeed, this prison cell is the one in which St. Peter and St. Paul spent their last days, and from which they sent forth their words of faith and hope for the inspiration of the Christian world, the ground upon which we stood is one of the holiest spots in all Rome, even more touching in its associations than the Scala Santa, to which we next turned our pilgrim steps.

In the Atrium of the Scala Santa we did not notice the incongruities and absurdities that Dickens dwells upon, but we were somewhat confused by the three sets of steps side by side, upon all of which men and women were making slow and painful progress on their knees. The central steps between Giacometti's sculptures representing the "Kiss of Judas" and the "Ecce Homo" form the famous staircase from the house of Pilate in Jerusalem, said to have been pressed by the feet of the Saviour, and beneath circles of glass let into the oaken coverings of the marble steps three drops of the Master's blood are still said to show their dark stains upon the stones.

Many of the poor of Rome were ascending these steps with what seemed to us genuine devotion, and a number of peasants, for on Good Friday the country people come to Rome from all the surrounding Campagna, to visit the great churches and to kneel upon the Scala Santa.

It was upon these historic steps that Martin Luther started to make the ascent when in Rome as a young and enthusiastic priest. After he had patiently crept half-way up the stairway, a voice which seemed to him to come from heaven, but was probably the cry of his own soul, whispered to him: "The just shall live by faith." Then, as the story runs, "he suddenly stood erect, lifted his face heavenward, and, in another moment, turned and walked slowly down again."

On this Easter Day of 1904, in a glory of sunshine, blue sky, and soft breezes, Rome defiantly and unapologetically renewed her broken promises of a fortnight since. The drenched roses and carnations have lifted their heads in our garden across the chasm, and spread forth their petals in the genial sunshine, the butterflies have discovered the wallflowers, and the birds are holding high carnival among the oranges and myrtles. And we, like the birds and butterflies, are quite ready to follow old Horace's worldly-wise counsel and "gather the roses while we may." Here, in this immemorial Rome, with her great basilicas, patriarchal churches, and hundreds of lesser sanctuaries opening their doors to us, the call that comes to us most insistently is from the open. To wander in the Borghese Gardens among their lovely old fountains and statues, with the trees and flowers as gay and springlike as in Botticelli's *Primavera*, was the one thing above

all others that we longed to do to-day. Even when we resolutely set forth with our faces toward St. Peter's, we did not turn our backs upon the beauties of the outdoor world, as the Primavera met us with her blandishments at every turn. Strolling down the shining marble steps that lead from the Via Sistina to the Piazza di Spagna, we realized what Shelley called "the vigorous awakening of spring in this divinest climate." From March, with its cold winds and heavy skies, we had suddenly stepped, not into April, but into June, with its soft breezes and wealth of flowers. The stalls at the foot of the steps are ablaze to-day with red and pink roses, that have in their hearts all the rich perfume of the month of roses. Of these we bought generous bunches, with stalks of giant mignonette, daisies, heliotrope, and great sprays of deep-pink peach-blossoms, all for a mere song, and yet how the purchasers haggle over prices!-as if they were being cheated, when they know full well that they are plundering Nature and the vendors of more beauty than they have paid for.

Although St. Peter's and its vast Piazza were glorious in the sunshine, and Maderno's fountains were playing joyously, we missed something that belonged to Easter Day under an older régime, and to a more picturesque, though probably a less happy and prosperous Rome. The great balcony of St. Peter's, upon which the Pope once stood and gave his blessing to the kneeling multitude on the Piazza below, was empty to-day, as the Easter benediction has not been given here since 1870, when the Italian army entered Rome.

Standing on the Piazza and looking up at the huge façade of St. Peter's, we could understand something of the impressiveness of this scene: the solemn stillness of the waiting assemblage, the august figure between the white waving fans, the solemn words of the benediction, the arms raised to bless, followed by the thunder of cannon and the clash of bells. If we could only see it all to-day! Must there always be a fly in one's pot of ointment? And yet, standing within the cathedral, learning its beauty by heart, and listening to the joyous, exultant strains of music which accorded so well with our happiness and the time and the place, we felt that the flies in our individual pots of ointment were but midgets.

As we drove home from St. Peter's by the Tiber and Hadrian's magnificent mausoleum, we noticed several carriages driving rapidly over the bridge of St. Angelo. Some children in the street started their vivas, and in a moment we were vis à vis with the King and Queen. We scarcely saw the King, so charmed were we with the Queen's happy, smiling face. Happiness is not the possession that one most usually associates with a queen, but this Queen Elena is said to be a very happy woman and devoted to her husband and children. The two little girls seem to lead the natural, unrestrained

life of other children, and are sometimes seen digging in the earth and making mud pies in the palace grounds, at the foot of Queen Margherita's beautiful garden. Easter Day is one of the few occasions when the King and Queen of Italy are to be seen driving together through the streets, and, quite naturally, all Rome, and all America en voyage, wish to behold them.

It is not strange that on such a day as this we were glad to turn from churches and galleries to wander among the ruins of ancient houses and temples on the Palatine Hill and the Forum, whose wrecks—

And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress

The bones of desolation's nakedness.

So many remains of ancient Rome have been unearthed since Shelley penned these lines, that they describe this vast city of the Cæsars more perfectly now than in his day; and Nature, still jealous of the tribute paid to antiquity, continues to throw over these crumbling walls her spring mantle of beauty. And, as if to celebrate her joyous triumph over the storied past, on the Forum, close by the three columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, she has spread forth a field of blue fleurs-de-lis, which nod their graceful heads and dance in the warm sunshine as gaily as Wordsworth's daffodils danced on the banks of Ullswater.

As in the dark days that commemorate the Passion and the Crucifixion we had lived in the Rome of heathen emperors and Christian martyrs, to-day, on the joyous festival of the Resurrection, we seemed to enter into the happier era of that larger hope and fuller life for which the sufferings of those holy martyrs had prepared the way. Sorrow and sadness had fled away with the clouds and darkness of Holy Week, and as we turned from the Forum and drove up to the Pincio, it seemed as if all Rome was en fête. Sable garments had given place to gowns of all hues of the rainbow. The shop-windows were gayer than ever with their brilliant display of Roman silks and sashes, while in the windows of the pastry-cooks, instead of Lenten cakes and the universal maritozzi (freely translated, "fat little husbands"), daintily iced cakes, candied fruits, and other enticements were temptingly set forth.

Long lines of carriages were making their way to the Pincio, filled with elaborately dressed Italian ladies, and forestieri without number. The balia, in full skirts, with gay sashes and long streamers depending from her much decorated head, was largely in evidence to-day, carrying upon an embroidered and belaced pillow her aristocratic nursling, the swaddled bambino, a survival of Rome's heroic days.

Nothing in the modern capital is more picturesque than these Italian nurses, except perhaps the German students. Looking down from the heights of the Pincio upon a number of seminarists playing ball in the meadow below, the Germans in their bright-red gowns appeared like huge cardinal-birds, and we found ourselves echoing quite heartily the rather stilted expressions of an English girl beside us, who admired the varied colors of the students' gowns and found those of "the German scholastics especially decorative."

Easter in Rome does not end with Sunday. During the days that followed there were numerous services, and for us an especially interesting function, the celebration of the thirteenth centenary of Gregory the Great, held in St. Peter's eight days after Easter.

We were so fortunate as to have seats in the tribunes, and as the mass was to be celebrated at the high altar and we were in the fourth row from the front, we were sure of a good view of the Pope. All around us were the Swiss Guards, in the picturesque costume of red, yellow, and black designed by Michelangelo, and the Pope's Guardia Nobile, with "winged Achillean helmet above the Empire uniform—half Greek, half French, half gods, half dandies," as Mrs. Ward described this guard of young nobles which surrounds the Pope. The accourrement of the Gendarme Pontificio is somewhat like that of the old Philadelphia City Troop, a handsome uniform of black and white, with an immense shako adorned with a red plume. Most gorgeous of all were the chamberlains, in a black Spanish costume of the period of Philip II, with a velvet cape thrown over one shoulder, superb lace cuffs and collar, and an immense ruff around the neck, and gold cords and chains without end.

After a long wait, which we employed in gazing about at the richly decorated basilica and the interesting figures around us, a detachment of the Swiss Guards marched along the central aisle, and lined up by the papal throne. There was a rustle and stir of expectancy over the vast assemblage, then breathless stillness, when all eyes strained towards the eastern door, through which entered the gorgeous procession. The Palatine Guard lined the way down the central aisle, some of the Swiss Guard being stationed at different points. First came the Guardia Nobile, then the mitred abbots, the bishops and archbishops in copes and mitres of white and gold, the patriarchs and cardinals, these latter with long capes of cloth of gold worn over their scarlet robes. Then came the canons and monsignori in lace and fur tippets, after them the prince in attendance on the papal throne, Don Filippo Orsini, followed by the secret chamberlains bearing the precious tiaras and mitres covered with gold and jewels. The triple crown, borne upon a cushion, was a blaze of the most brilliant jewels, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, too heavy in its richness to be borne long by any mortal head. Finally, announced by a blast from the silver trumpets, the Pope appeared, seated in the sedia gestatoria, borne above the heads of the multitude by members of the household in a livery of scarlet cloth, the huge white feather fans or flabella being carried on each side.

I really did not grasp all these details at first, as the interest suddenly centred in that one august figure. The Pope was pale, and at first appeared to be somewhat agitated. It is said that he very much dislikes to be carried into the church, and it must, indeed, be a trying position. The chair is lifted high above the heads of the people, that every one may see the Holy Father; it is borne along slowly, pausing altogether at intervals. There was a stop near our seats of a minute or more, which gave us an opportunity to see the noble, benevolent face of the one man who stands for so much to millions of the faithful. Less handsome and distinguished in appearance than some of his pictures, Pius X has that in his face which is worth infinitely more than manly beauty or aristocratic bearing; one cannot look into it without being impressed by his earnestness and sincerity.

When the Holy Father had been carried to the apse, he descended from the sedia gestatoria and knelt in prayer before St. Peter's Chair. At this moment a bright ray of sunshine fell upon the group of prelates in their rich and varied vestments; jewels flashed back their manyhued lights, making a gorgeous mass of color, in the midst of which was the white-robed, triple-crowned figure of the kneeling Pope.

In the service that followed we could hear the Pope's voice distinctly when he intoned the Gloria, and we were near enough to the altar to see him give the cardinals the kiss of peace and celebrate the mass. Suddenly from Michelangelo's great dome overhead there issued the exultant strains of the silver trumpets, filling the church with their sweet, penetrating music; the long line of soldiers from the Chair of St. Peter to the eastern door bent the knee, lowering their arms upon the stone pavement with a ringing sound, the mighty congregation bowed or knelt, and we knew that the supreme moment had come for the elevation of the Host. There was a solemn stillness, followed by the stir of the rising of the vast audience, which could only be compared to the rustling of the leaves of a forest swept over by an autumn storm.

After the Pope had given the apostolic benediction and granted plenary indulgence to the faithful, he again ascended the gestatorial chair and was borne from the church as he had entered it, slowly, giving the blessing to right and left, amid a subdued murmur, which he himself prevented from rising to applause by placing his finger upon his lip in very decided disapproval. He could not, however, prevent the waving of handkerchiefs and other mute signs of delight. The Holy Father looked much more cheerful on his journey back to

the Vatican, as if greatly relieved that the ordeal was over. All eyes eagerly followed the receding figure until the canopied chair passed out of sight behind the heavy damask curtains of the Chapel of the Pietà, and we knew that the great service was over.

As we drove home in the brilliant sunshine and under the bluest of Italian skies, we were strongly impressed by the thought that this Rome, built over the ruins of empires and republics, the prey in turn of those who thirsted for power, for blood, and for spoils, has many faces. The face that she showed us in this gay Easter-time was that of a bountiful mother who offers to her children all good gifts of art and nature, in the treasures of her churches and galleries and in the charms of earth, air, and sky.



A S you climb the tower of Nôtre Dame
You see a stone demon who leans on his arm,
Longing to do gay Paris harm—
The Demon.

With tongue protruding from his lips, He joys whenever a sinner trips; And sin, like a vintage rare, he sips—

The Demon.

His stony eyebrows ever raised,
The eyes for centuries have gazed
On scenes that well might have amazed
The Demon.

The wicked sport of pampered kings,
The frenzied mob that slays and sings,
The Terror—oh, what joy it brings
The Demon!

Great Bonaparte, fair Josephine,
He saw the flashing guillotine,
The splendid, brief imperial scene—
The Demon.

The rise, the fall, of many a throne;
The Commune, flame, and toppling stone;
The Uhlan, leaping in alone,—
The Demon.

And still he leans there on the wall,
Awaiting that bright city's fall,
Longing to triumph o'er the Gaul—
The Demon.

He knows that mortals are but clay; But little dreams how, day by day, The rain and frost shall wear away The Demon;

While Paris lives forevermore, To hear of him as gone before, Forgotten, save in musty lore—

Poor Demon!



#### QUERIES

WHO can deny that an aching tooth is the best thing out?

When a girl turns a fellow's head, does she have to marry him behind his back?

How is it that most of the things folks are anxious to know are none of their business?

— Is it necessary that an upright piano, to live up to its name, should play only sacred music?

They say the drinking man can never succeed in business; yet does n't the toper always get a head?

Would n't it curtail the present-day sowing of wild oats if modern fathers went in more for thrashing?

Warwick James Price

## AN ACCIDENT

# By Sarah Chichester Page

I.

A T the very beginning of the story I found myself sitting straight up in Dan Trapier's arms.

It was a very outrageous place to be—and most unexpected—to both of us. I can't at all excuse it, but I remember just how it came about. Dan was the most unlucky poor devil in the world.

There had been one tragedy after another in his family till there was

literally no family left him.

He had had invalid sisters to support, brothers to educate and place, broken bones and broken banks, and all the rest of the cares and troubles human flesh is heir to. And in spite of that—or because of that—he was the most reckless, light-hearted fellow in the world.

He had been coming out from Richmond to see me very often lately—coming in like a stiff breeze, full of all sorts of nonsense, with never a serious word or thought. And because I was having troubles of my own, I looked forward all the week to Sunday night and his light-heartedness.

This night he had been unusually gay—describing a particularly difficult week, in which he had borne a good deal more than a man cares to confess to from a very exacting employer. I knew just how it had bitten into his soul; but I knew he would never stand for pity. He was raw and sore. He could have told it only to a woman; but he had not meant to tell it at all, and only now gave it in the most absurd light possible, hiding it under a laugh. Of course I had laughed with him; but presently, as the silence fell, I spoke aloud the thought that passed my mind:

"You are awfully clever, Dan; but it is that little lonely place

in your heart that draws me."

He looked at me steadily, with intense surprise in his eyes. We had never talked seriously or touched on personalities before. Then he put out strong hands and drew me into his arms, saying simply: "Betty, you never could have known about that lonely place if you had not one in your own heart. Come here and let me comfort you, if I can, child."

And because it had all happened in a minute and without the

smallest preparation, I was just carried past all control and found myself clinging to his neck, and saying all sorts of incoherent things.

There was much being said, and more being felt, when I suddenly began to realize that at the present rate of progress we would be engaged in a minute, and probably married next day; so I pulled myself together, sat up, and said: "Now, Dan, I know you had n't the smallest idea of saying any of these things to me when you came into the room. I know you are in no position to marry me; and certainly I could not marry any one now. I don't love you enough, and I 'm sure you don't care for me like that, really. So let's call it off right here, and, remember, I don't hold you responsible for one word that has passed between us."

He said a great deal about my being the straightest, squarest woman he had ever known; but he said it was absolutely true that he had no right to talk of marriage to any woman until he had something besides himself to offer her. And that was how I came to find myself sitting up in his arms—so decidedly out of place. But you know yourself this sort of accident might occur to any one. It really ought not to count.

It takes a long time to explain, but I would n't be surprised if I sat there a good deal longer still; for it's really so much easier to get into a situation of that sort, than to get out. And just as we were deciding that we cared for each other only in the most friendly way, and that we would at once forget each other and all that had just passed, there came a hurried but elephantine step on the porch. Dan tumbled me into a rocking-chair, and in came Mrs. John Thomas Harding, very much overheated.

"Really, Betty," she began, sinking on the sofa and mopping her face and neck vigorously, "it just shows how much I think of Dan that I didn't call you in to help me an hour ago; for Josephus was as good as drowned—just black in the face! But I remembered in time that Dan was here, and had to go back early in the morning, and I know better than to break in on young people, if it can be helped, so

I just stopped off my scream.

"For—will you believe it?—when John Thomas Harding came up the sidewalk to-night he saw Josephus's feet sticking up out of the rain barrel—and I was sitting on the front porch, perfectly certain he was in bed sound asleep! But you need n't think I was careless, Dan! I never am. I'm most particular never to leave them in care of the nexts. I told Nellie Lee to put him to bed—and you know, Betty, she's second from him. If I'd sent him with little Sue, I'd have reproached myself, for she's right next; and you know that's dangerous sometimes. But Nellie Lee is mighty near to six now, and she always has Josephus; while little Sue just rocks the baby's cradle.

"I could n't remember whether you jerk them by the heels or roll them on the floor when they're drowned, so I made John Thomas do both as hard as he could, while I got out a box of mustard and put some in a tub for his feet, some on a piece of bread for him to smell, and the rest in a plaster for the pit of his stomach. But before we got to the mustard he came to and began to kick so hard that John Thomas Harding gave him a spank and put him to bed."

When Dan and I insisted on going over to see how the child was, she strenuously objected, assuring us that he was all right, and that she had just run over to tell Dan she had put Josephus to sleep in his bed, to console him for being drowned; and Dick was on a pallet just inside his door—so he must be sure to light a match as he went in. For Dan was a very old and intimate friend, and always stayed with the Hardings when he came up.

Just after she left us, Harry Burwell brought in a bowl of peach cream, which his mother had sent over, hearing I had company; and while I stood on the porch, sending a message of thanks to Mrs. Burwell, Nancy Page heard me, and ran across the street with some cake she had just made.

I don't think there was much appetite for the feast, good as it was; and when it was over, the time for parting was come. Dan said he thought he had better not come back very soon; and I thought so, too—or said I did.

He was to go on the early train, and he hoped I would n't wake at that hour; but if I should, would I come down to the bottom of the garden?—and he would go out by the back gate, and so say a word of good-by.

This town life was a new experience to me. But things had been going wrong out at Newington, our country home—my father was not very well, and there was trouble with the servants—and we had suddenly decided to move into town when the heat of summer was past, so as to be nearer our neighbors, the doctor, and the station. Our old friends in the little town had received us with joy, and vied with each other in their attentions.

### П.

I DID N'T suppose I'd wake so early in the morning, but somehow I did. In fact, I hardly know when I slept. For that accident of the evening seemed to keep me from going to sleep. (I don't mean Josephus's accident.) I kept going over and over it in my mind, trying to understand how I happened to be doing and saying such queer things to Dan Trapier. And presently it was sunrise, and I dressed quickly and ran down to the back yard, just to call good-by to Dan as he passed. But I heard his voice still up in the back room at Mrs.

Harding's house. He was coaxing and imploring Mrs. Harding to give him the key; and when he saw me he called out: "Oh, Miss Betty, won't you please put that ladder over against my window? You know I've got to catch this train, and it's so late now. Please do!"

I was too astonished to speak; but Mrs. Harding's head was instantly out of the other window, and she exclaimed: "Do nothing of the kind, Betty; I've got him locked in, and the key is here"—

waving toward her portly person.

"You know, Betty, Mr. Leamon has done something perfectly outrageous and been drummed out of the town—and not a woman in it knows what it was. I've asked John Thomas Harding, and I've asked him—I kept him awake so long as I possibly could last night; begging him to tell me—and he got off early this morning, and all he would say was that it was a thing women had no business hearing! Then I remembered Dan, and, offering to help him pack his bag, I slipped in here and turned the key. For Dan's mother was just a sister to me, and I can remember when he came into the world. And why on earth he can't tell me—a respectable, gray-haired woman with nine children, who knows everything there is to know—what that Leamon man did——"

But Dan had found easy footing in the ivy, and had come down bag in hand, throwing a kiss to Mrs. Harding as he joined me in our garden, and calling back: "Good-by, Cousin Susie! I left my whistle under the pillow for Josephus; give it to him when he wakes, please."

There was a certain embarrassment about the situation which held us silent as we walked down through the box walks. At the gate he passed out, put his bag down, and, closing the gate, folded his arms on top, pulled his hat a little over his eyes, and looked steadily into my face.

"Now, Betty, what is it? Are you sorry about last night?"

"I suppose I am, but I'm trying not to be." (I wonder why women who are not born idiots can make an answer like that; and how men can continue to regard them as sane—or, at least, as exceedingly interesting and attractive?)

"Would you rather I did n't come next Sunday—dear?" Now, that was the very most distant thought from my mind. 'T is true I had wondered much about what would happen next Sunday, but never once had I dreamed he would n't come. Therefore I hastened to say: "I do think, Dan, it would be better—don't you?"

After a minute he said very low: "Look here, Betty, there's sure to be pain in this unless we take it in time. That's a natural heritage of mine, but I want to spare you all I can. I'm not coming next

Sunday; and you are to think of me as just the good straight friend I 've been always."

Now, that was the one thing I'd been hoping for and praying for all night long; therefore my heart sank straight down to the bottom, and my voice sounded very faint and far off in my own ears as I said: "If you think it's best, of course; but I don't really see why last night should make any difference at all. Why shouldn't we forget it?"

"Could we? You see, Betty, you are not the same sort of fool I am. The only safe thing for me to do is to stay away. You showed me my road last night, and I'm going to take it."

I inwardly wondered why on earth I'd shown him a road he could go away on; but I told him he was brave and true, and there was nobody else at all like him. And then we heard the train whistling for the bridge, and he ran to the station.

As I walked up the shady box walks, I reflected upon my part of the conversation of the morning, and called myself anything but "brave and true." It's bad enough to be a coward; but a stupid, inane one—!

Josephus was seated astride the window-sill, with one bare leg feeling for a foot-hold in the ivy, and called out to me: "Tell Dan to come back, Betty!" But the faithful Nellie Lee, seated solidly on the floor inside, with feet braced, held the tail of his night-gown gripped in both her hands.

### ш.

He did n't come the next Sunday; and a few days after that he went to San Francisco. And if the land had n't stopped there, he'd have gone several thousand miles further away! He wrote to me before he left Richmond—an exceedingly interesting letter! Told me all about something having gone wrong with the Frisco branch of the business, and that he was being sent out to try to discover the trouble there; that he would probably stay several weeks, or a month, as he wanted to see that country, and would I write often? For it was such a comfort to write to an intelligent female all his masculine worries—no man would stand for it a moment. There was a long description of all the business trouble, with many technical terms; and just at the end he said he hoped there might be something in it for him, and I must wish him success. There was n't any allusion to that night. But had we not decided to forget it?—so, of course, there would not be.

After a few weeks there came a letter full of triumph and excitement. He had been put in charge out there. It would mean a tremendous lot of work—he would have little time for writing letters, but maybe I'd be good and pardon him, and still continue to send him

those newsy letters of mine, which braced him up, and kept him so in touch with old Virginia. The letters were not quite so frequent after that, or so long. But still I was kept fairly well posted as to the condition of the business. And I told him it was so refreshing to receive sensible, men's letters, with a rational view of things!

But somehow—it was not a particularly busy winter for me, you see. The girls had gone away to the cities—most of them. Tom Peters was on hand, of course, and Judge Randolph, and some of the boys I

knew too well.

But I got into such a silly habit of remembering things—waking in the night, suddenly, and remembering the way his hands touched my hair. There seemed so many things to remember about that one short evening. Broken sentences came back to me; and words which grew in sweetness and meaning as the time passed away; and thrills which thrilled more intensely.

I went down-town and got a tonic to take. I did n't care to tell Dr. Carter the symptoms: that I did n't see things straight; in fact, feared I was seeing things which were not there. So I just told him I wanted some of that red kind that you take a teaspoonful of after meals. And it did me some good. And so the winter passed, and the spring; and then came that day of the earthquake, when we could n't hear whether there was any San Francisco! I'm not going to tell anything at all about that time. Sophie Burwell was out there, and that was the reason for intense anxiety for us all. Prayers were said in church for her safety. And when I heard Dan was safe, I heard also that his whole business was burned up; and I felt doubly thankful—for now he would come home.

### IV.

ONE day soon after this several of the girls came in to dinner, in order to discuss the details of Nancy Page's wedding. (She was to marry Corbin Lewis in about ten days.) This, of course, could only be done satisfactorily at the siesta time; to which end we were all gathered on my big tester bed, in comfortable negligee. The siesta is certainly the hour for the Virginia girl.

"How many bridesmaids at the last count, Nancy?" asked Bessie

Barksdale—coming to business.

"I'm trying to do with eight—but it's mighty hard. There's Betty for maid of honor, and you three; but when it comes to the Fitzhughs and the Nelsons, it seems impossible to draw the line. Girls who have forty-eight first cousins ought not to try to get married—it's too hard."

"But where will they all stay?" Amy Harrison inquired practically.

"Indeed, I have n't the smallest idea in the world," said Nancy easily. "You all will have to take care of them, please. For you know our house will be filled with the Lewises and Corbins and my two grandmothers."

"Don't you care, Nancy—we'll love to have them," I assured her.
"It will be great fun; and if there's any crowd, we'll open Newing-

ton, and take a dozen out there."

"Betty," said Nancy, cuddling up, for thanks, "Corbin said in his letter to-day he had asked Dan Trapier for usher—for he will be at home by that time. Won't that be good?"

"And did you hear he had saved Sophie Burwell's life in the earthquake, Betty?" laughed Bess mischievously. "Mrs. Burwell told

me so this morning, as I passed.

"Oh, come right in, Mr. Josephus Harding"—as a curly head peeped in at the door. "You are a perfect gentleman, sir, and nobody minds you. Walk right up the bed steps, sir, and show us what you've got in your basket. June apples, as I live!"

"Mother sent them, Betty; and here's a letter Mrs. Burwell told me to bring along for the girls to read. I don't like to be kissed so often—and I'm going right straight home," and his little bare feet

pattered down the hall.

"Girls, it's Sophie's letter, of course," I said, tossing the apples on the bed, "and now we'll hear it all."

And now I'm going to tell you exactly the kind of girl Sophie Burwell is! She's the kind that an earthquake would shake off the roof right into the arms of the handsomest man in town. Or, if Vesuvius had happened to blow her up, she'd have sailed right off in some balloon, and her picture would have been in every newspaper in Paris—"the lovely and daring Miss Burwell makes the most wonderful ascension since Elijah."

Her shoulders are broader than mine, and she weighs quite a hundred and fifty; yet every man buckles on his sword in her behalf whenever she raises those appealing eyes of hers. She is perpetually getting into trouble—and sometimes rather serious trouble—but always she has the very best men to help her out—and rushing to do it. But here's the letter—or part of it:

I can't imagine how Dan Trapier reached our house in such an incredibly short time. But by the time I had dressed (of course I wore only my dressing gown) and gotten my trunk packed and locked, he dashed into my room, and insisted on my coming down at once. This I absolutely refused to do until the trunk came too, and so he got it on those broad shoulders of his, and away we went. After some time he found a man he knew, with a wagon, and somehow he got the trunk taken off. Then the great panic

set in with the fire, and he insisted I should set out immediately to walk out of the town; but I told him I would walk only in one direction, and that was to get my laundry. For, you know, mamma, my embroidered linen suit and my linen coat were there,

and I had no idea of leaving them!

Well, he said I was the bravest, coolest woman in San Francisco, and some other nice things, besides; but he would n't let me go for the things, because the buildings were burning and falling down there, so he told me to wait with the family, and he would bring them. But when he was gone I was so annoyed! You can imagine Aunt Mary got on very slowly with all those children, and Uncle John was helping them. So when a very nice man came by in a car and asked me to go with him to the park, I felt it was no time to be squeamish; and he said I could easily rejoin my friends when we were once there. Making up my mind so quickly, I quite forgot to bring the wraps Dan had left for me; but, fortunately, this charming man had a beautiful fur coat in the machine, and he insisted that I should put it on while driving. In fact, it seemed I would need it to sleep in at night, and so he told me to keep it; and I begged for his address in case we got separated, that I might return it-but I've clean and clear forgotten both his name and address. For-will you believe?-just after he had managed to get me a very nice, comfortable lunch, and I was having the time of my life, who should come along but dear old stupid Dan, with my things all tied in a bundle on his back! Of course there was nothing to do but go with him; but you can't imagine how furious I was, to leave that motor-car and all. And Dan was so stiff to the man-you know how men always are when they are jealous. But, of course, nothing was said about the coat; and I've got it this minute—a perfect beauty—and I'm probably the only creature who lost nothing by the fire, and really came out to the good, if you count the coat and poor old Dan.

"Bessie," said Amy Harrison, when the letter was finished, "there's one thing I should like to know. Can you tell me how Sophie knew there was going to be that earthquake at San Francisco? But she certainly did know it—for you remember she made poor Mrs. Burwell sit up nearly all of two nights making that rose-color crêpe teagown for her to escape in."

Mrs. Harding came in at this moment, very red in the face, saying: "Here, Betty, rip up this dress for me. And, Nancy, you can be rip-

ping the sleeves while I read that letter."

I began asking Nancy about the dresses for the wedding, and if she really thought my white embroidered muslin would do—for I could scarcely afford a handsome new white dress for it. She was good enough to say it was the prettiest dress she ever saw; and since I'd have to wear white, why get another? Then Mrs. Harding laid down the letter, and began fanning vigorously with Josephus's straw hat, which had covered a small portion of her head, saying: "Betty, do

you remember when they had special early service to pray for Sophie Burwell's safety from the earthquake? The baby had cried the whole night through, and just broke out with the measles, and gone to sleep. John Thomas Harding and I were dozing off ourselves when the bell began to ring. John Thomas started up, and asked me if I thought it was our house on fire; but I remembered the service, and asked him if he did n't think we ought to go. "Sophie Burwell to the devil!" he said, and dropped right down to sleep. And then you may depend I jumped up quick and went to church! For you could n't tell, you know—something might have happened to her—and then John Thomas Harding would have been always remembering he had said that. But as things have turned out—since reading this letter—I certainly do wish, for once, I'd done just what John Thomas Harding did."

I was glad when the girls all left, for I felt sick and dizzy, somehow. Bessie Barksdale lived out of town, and I had given Uncle Henry orders to bring the carriage round for us at five o'clock, to take her home.

I don't know whether she guessed I was feeling sore; but she kept her arm around me all the way, and talked a lot about the wedding, and my dress, and all that.

"Don't you care about not having a new frock, dearest. You are sure to be the best looking girl in the church, anyhow—that one is awfully becoming; and when Dan sees you——"

"I've got enough of the material left to make new sleeves, Bess, and I'll make them as big and full as I can, to be more in the style. But you know those Corbins get everything from Paris, and they are sure to be mighty swell and critical." I sighed.

Coming home alone with Uncle Henry, the old man asked me anxiously: "Ain't you going to have no new dress for that wedding, sure 'nough, Miss Betty?"

"No, Uncle Henry; but I'm going to put new sleeves in the old one—and the biggest I can make."

"For de Lord's sake, Miss Betty, out-sleeve dem Corbins!" the old man implored; and I promised to do my best.

#### V.

I COUNTED the days till the wedding, and they were all mighty busy ones. Besides the embroidering of my sleeves to match my frock, there were so many little things to do for Nancy. Everybody in the town was helping, of course. There would be a big dance and supper afterwards. I was to make all the mayonnaise; Mrs. Harding was to boil and bake the hams; Amy was making cakes; even the children were working, cutting paper ruffs for the hams and for the candles. Nellie Lee and Josephus, being allowed to roll some of the lemons, put

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them on the cellar door and sat on them—so combining business with pleasure. But we were all doing that. The town was filled up with girls from all over the state, and every night there was apt to be a little dance; and in the morning there were men's voices mingling in the laughter which came from pantries and back porches, and many saddle horses fought the flies under the big maples on the street.

Flirtations flourished in the gathering of ferns and blooming laurel in the mountain; and the buggies came home laden with decorations

for church and house.

I had a note from Dan, saying he could not get off till the very last train, and so I knew I should not see him till we all met at the church.

I thought, somehow, I should know as soon as his eyes met mine—what? I don't know what I expected—what I could expect. There was nothing to expect. We had been so perfectly open and frank with each other; we were simply friends—very ordinary, every day friends. There was no suggestion of anything else in all the letters since we parted.

My frock was a beauty, and I did look well, I know. How could we, any of us, help it, when Nancy had let us wear the most becoming dresses in the world? The bridesmaids wore pink organdies, all over flowers, low in the neck, with little wreaths of pink roses trailing on the hair. Mine was white, and clung softly, with my shoulders bare, and my sleeves short and puffing out bravely; and I wore one lovely big pink rose just above my ear.

Of course the wedding was late—but Nancy was not to blame. Bride and maids stood waiting, while horses dashed furiously up and down the street, and carriages blocked the way down at the Harrisons',

where the ushers were quartered.

It seems the missing one was Judge Randolph, who lived some distance in the country. He presently arrived, and explained that there had come up a threatening black cloud, and he was in an open trap, and wearing his brand new clothes, bought for the wedding, so he just took them off and put them under the seat. But it did not rain, and of course before he got to town he drove into a retired lane and put them on again. But what with the anxiety, or the threatened dampness, he found he needed fortifying—hence the delay.

Of course the congregation was patiently waiting, and the ushers

all lined up inside the church, when at last we arrived.

The wedding march pealed out, the door was thrown open, and the bridesmaids paced slowly in before me. Now at last I should see Dan. And I did!

Bessie Barksdale came first, and he just leaned slightly toward her, with the most anxious and confidential expression on his face, and whispered, "Your placquet!" Poor Bessie, with crimson face, caught

her dress at the back. The next was Miss Corbin, and he looked all tender concern as he repeated the same to her. She held her head higher than ever, but her face was beautifully red as she clutched her frock behind.

I can't see why none of them noticed the fiendish trick he was playing, but no one did, and the procession of eight moved up in that order. I tried my best to wither him with a glance; but poor Nancy and I were shaking with emotion!

Nancy says she has no idea whom she married—and she wishes the earthquake had swallowed Ben Trapier!

It was only when he was taking me home, very late in the night, that we had time for a word.

We were walking up the box walk in the garden—very slowly, for I was tired.

"Well, Betty," he said, "that's all over, in California; and here I am, just where I started."

"Never mind, Dan, you are no worse off; and you've had lots of experience."

"I should think so! I would n't take a fortune for that earthquake experience. What a brick Sophie Burwell is, Betty! Do you know her well?"

"Sophie Burwell is a cat!" I remarked with venom.

"Well!" said Dan, with indignant emphasis, " and you, too! I did think you were different—but I believe all women are exactly alike!"

"They certainly are," I said, "exactly alike—all except me; and I'm more alike than all the rest put together!" and I went in and shut the door hard.

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### ONE-AND-TWENTY

BY RICHARD KIRK

NE day's worth, at one-and-twenty,
All the other days together;
All the days of want and plenty,
Summer's sun and winter weather.

And if forty seem December
(And at forty frosts are plenty),
Cheerily, my lad!—remember
You, once you, were one-and-twenty!



### IN WHICH YELLOW WINS

### BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "The Fortress"

OU would have to see McConachie to catch the power of the saying that he was just as mean as he looked. He had a head like a quinine capsule, and as full of gall. His skin was grayish-brown; his eyes were like dead cinders if you let him alone, but they blew red when his temper was turned on. A wild-cat had got the back-thresh on his other features, so you needed a field-glass to pick them out. The rest of McConachie was squat shape and gorilla arms. We Sodom folks haven't got any feeling against a man's looks if his heart is God's little garden, but McConachie's wasn't.

For ages and ages the Mammon Canyon and Sodom had known this eye-warmer. The old river-mother loved him, if we didn't, and had shown him her choicest streaks of yellow for years. He was richer than anybody in our part of Arizona, and no bank, kin, circus, or bar ever profited a smile's worth from the turnings of his pick. We all believed that McConachie took his winnings back to nature, cached them somewhere in the gorge or under his shanty. He never got drunk nor married, and the cache didn't leak. Maybe we were rough on McConachie at times.

One blazing noon when Sodom was scratching away at the claims and meditating on the soothing night of seven-up at Blinkey Gile's red-eye fountains, there came a sudden boom from up the gorge, and the shiver of air which dynamite always pushes through the cut. This was nothing, for McConachie had a way of using powder when things were slow; only, Bertie Cotton came in to dinner with the word that McConachie's cabin would know the sputter of bacon no more—unless somebody else moved in. Bertie furthermore testified that a cursory search here and there about the late McConachie's claim had

uncovered bits of pulp that had a human look to the extent that the late McConachie was human.

We stopped work to mourn, and the place of tears was Blinkey Gile's. Didsey Morgan, my side-kicker, who could put forth more sentiment with less stimulant than any man I ever classed with, arose to say: "Fellers, we've sure been coarse to Mac. We haven't made the most of our absent brother. We've left him alone o' nights when a little milk of human kindness would have landed him in our midst, enjoyin' hisself in the giddy whirl of Sodom life. I propose that we conduct the funeral proper, layin' off the remainder of this here day to dig the hole and gather humble and silent the stampeded fragments of our late beloved——" The last word choked Didsey a little, and he bore off on a new tack: "Thigley will preach down to us the necessary package of gospel, after which we can go our several ways, tryin' hard to forgit."

By this time Sodom was impressed and had forgotten all that wasn't white about the ex-Mammoner—all of us except Bertie Cotton. My eyes happened to light on that hard little mug of Bertie's, and I beheld a sneer there as vivid as a Mexican poinsettia. Bertie is a deplorable character. He was the last to fall in and the first to fall down during a late crusade against the sins of Sodom, engineered by Peter Dudd, evangelist. Bertie advised in the following language:

"Didsey, you give me a surpassin' lameness in the diaphragm. Your brain-pan is sure sad with a hang-over, Didsey. Sodom struck its first streak of luck to-day in several epochs. This here jackal, lately shot to the griddle, would have sneaked any milk of human kindness we happened to leave around loose. But I'm goin' to dig a hole, as you say—maybe several holes. McConachie has eaten his way through more gold strata than any three of us in the last twenty years, and it's all cached away within gun-shot of his claim. Go on with your prayers, Didsey. I'm goin' out to loot the dear saint's shanty."

I have endeavored to make it plain that this is a story of hidden treasure. If a story can't be written around hidden treasure, then Sodom is cold at heart. Don't be too sure that somebody is going to find anything, from a horse-blanket to a million. I'm going to tell this tale deviously. Did you ever see a town gold-crazy, treasure-loco? It is worth crossing a continent to see—if you're immune.

I wasn't then. I felt my throat tighten and my heart grow hard under Bertie Cotton's words. Empires have fallen for this game. I leaned over to Didsey and whispered: "Cut the debate. That little moral cripple has you whipped. Let's chuck the liquor, and find Mac's ton of gold."

Didsey sighed and followed me out. The men behind were mut-

tering. Bertie had disrupted our peaceful, sunny Sodom. More than that, Bertie was a hundred yards ahead on the way toward Mac's shanty.

"He's got the shack," Didsey said. "We'll have to begin over-

turnin' the claim. Hear the gang a-comin'!"

McConachie's shanty looked withered and crooked in the figree light. As we passed, Bertie stepped out and inquired: "Were you lookin' for to bury poor old Mac? I don't think any of him flew up as high as this, Didsey."

We heard the little vandal ripping off the boards of the shanty as we slid down into Mac's claim on the gorge, mousing for a place to begin the hunt. The racket made me restless. I was straining to

hear glad tidings from Bertie every minute.

It didn't seem to Didsey and me as if Bertie was just morally fit to handle large capital. Then, being small and full of acid, he could out-gloat any man on the river. All Sodom descended onto Mac's claim and started plugging for the cache—all except Thigley, the saint of Sodom, the only living monument of Peter Dudd's gospel. Thigley, untouched by the epidemic, was gathering up the fragments. Presently he began intoning mercy on the remains. Those were doleful doings in the red rock cut, with Mother Mammon tinkling and Sodom's gentle villagers changed to a pirate crew. It all made me feel as if I was far from home, and headed wrong.

"D' ye 'member, Wesley, how we rode old Mac out o' town on a broom-handle for kickin' Tom Steep's dog?" Didsey questioned.

"Yep," I said. That reminded me that the dog referred to had been absent from our midst for several days.

"And how we doctored his bacon and plug-tobacker with capsicum while he was down to Socoro?"

"Yep," I said.

"We sure was ongentle to old Mac. Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' blowed his head off this way?"

Thigley praying so close brought out these reflections.

"We sure wasn't neighborly," I said.

A full hour passed before Didsey broke out again. Thigley was quiet. Sodom was turned loose on Mac's claim like a nest of demons. There wasn't any love running out of our hearts.

"Do you s'pose folks are all dead when they get splintered like

old Mac-ghost and all?" Didsey questioned.

"I'm not a deep-sea craft on metaphysics," I said. "If Thigley wasn't so 'tarnal ignorant, he might enlighten us on things not of the flesh."

"I was thinkin', Wesley, if poor old Mac could see us now, he'd be paid for all the sins, 'o- and com-mission,' as Thigley says, he

suffered at our hands. Only, it would sure make his ghost squirm some and make signs a whole lot—if any of us got warm to the treasure cache."

It was full dark when we quit. Bertie Cotton was still threshing away in the ruins of the shanty, and had dug a trench and various cisterns on the premises.

"Button, button, who's got the button?" Didsey called as we

passed.

The little man swore unctuously. A minute later he called after us in the dark: "I hope you had a pleasant funeral, playmates."

Sodom was raw that night; new as a wilderness and bad—bad as hell. Mac's gold had spun and frazzled our nerves generally. Drink and hate came in. It wasn't like old Sodom.

"We'll get out at dawn in the mornin', Wesley—an early start," Didsey suggested. It was midnight then, and Blinkey Gile was as

busy serving as the Kicking Horse Rapids.

Sodom was sick and old the next morning. Mollie Burns's breakfast languished. The gorge was filled with dead, sticky heat, and Mac's memory was blackened considerable for his genius in hiding gold. An idea came to me.

"Didsey," I said, "Bertie isn't making it at the shanty, an' we-all are scraping virgin rock here. We're on the wrong hump. I'll bet Mac used his old claim up the river for a cache."

"If you're so sure, why in thunder don't you go there and find

it?" Didsey snapped.

"I guess I will-if that's the way you feel about it," I said, cold

and ragged.

But I didn't go up the river. I went to Blinkey Gile's, feeling mean and savage and empty. A half-hour later, sitting in Blinkey's, I heard a shot in the gorge; then another. In a few minutes they brought up Andy Craig with a couple of bullets in his shoulder. Andy had expressed an opinion in personal terms displeasing to Tom Steep. Hidden treasure garnished with red-eye is the most simple and direct brain-poison known in or out of doors.

"Sodom is sure renewing her youth," I remarked.

"She'll renew it on Mammon water, if she don't behave," Blinkey observed. "She's gettin' so you can't trust her with likker."

As I look back on the next five days, I always wish I had a better forgettery. Every little while faithful Memory hands me a fresh episode from that cluster of sorrows, and I see my bright companions and self rushing to and fro in the ways of darkness. The spirit of brotherhood was as missing from Sodom in those five days as Tom Steep's Mexican poodle. Every dewy eve, I would vow to search no more for the corrupting lucre, vow to go back to peace and my

played-out claim, picking up my old warm relations with Didsey on the way; but the gold would clutch me fresh in the pearly morn, and the madness thereof.

That fifth noon there was a yell from Tom Steep. He had had a dream in the night. Tom's soul is on the surface, any way. Like a pack of starved dogs, we piled onto him, lustful to get our fingers in the gold—mad devils all: Didsey and I at war; Andy Craig groaning unattended in a shack up the trail; Mollie Burns cooking grub which nobody had time for; and Blinkey Gile discriminating as to who was fit to take his drink. Poor Sodom!—we weren't true to her those five days!

It wasn't treasure; it wasn't the cache. Tom had only struck a root. We pulled back ashamed and relieved. And no one spoke. Just then I happened to look at Didsey's face. The light had gone out there. Mad, utter mad—and our hearts were still at large! He was staring up toward the Gomorrah rim of the canyon, his jaw slipped and streaky white, his eyes wild. His hands tightened on my arm like five sets of ice-hooks.

"Look thar!" he whispered.

I looked and saw McConachie, as in living flesh, smiling that

twisted, peaked smile and dangling his legs over the gorge.

"I guess I'm even with all you playful gents," he said softly. "I could 'a' stayed away longer, but my heart took on hurtin' t' see you overworkin' this way. An' then you didn't mean nothin' by your jokes on poor old Mac. You ain't bad at heart—just prankish. I used to joke some—so I come back."

He slid down into our midst. We felt him, and he was there.

Didsey was the first to speak.

"You put it on us right, Mac," he said huskily, "an' we 'preciate it fulsome; but what was them remains scattered around the gorge we took for your'n?"

"That thar livin' material? Come t' think of it, Didsey, I recollect that Tom Steep's dog was comin' in from Socoro dissipations, an' did venture a little too close to that fuse—lemme see——"

We held Steep off. I felt a hard, warm hand settle on mine. It was Didsey's.

"I've been a cussed fool, Wesley," he said. "Let's go over to our own claim."

We were lying together in the little cabin that night. The Mammon had pretty near talked me to sleep, when Didsey suddenly burst out laughing.

"What's eating you, pal?" I said.

"I was just thinkin' of Thigley callin' down mercy on all that was mortal of Tom Steep's dog," he chuckled.

# THE NIGHT-BLOOMING MILLERS

The fourth of the series of humorous sketches of neighborhood types, "On Our Street"

## By Marion Hill

E like the Millers. We all do. This is not to say that we approve of their methods. No one with a grain of sense could approve of the Millers' methods. Though—come to think—the Millers haven't a grain of method in their whole make-up.

Those of us who incline to disapprove do it with the half-heartedness of a housewife who tries to discountenance her pet cat's panful of new kittens, but who really can't help thinking they are "kind of cunning," after all. That's how the Millers influence our attitude toward themselves: they are reprehensibly out of order, but they calm the eye.

They live near the corner of the street, in the two-story frame house that needs painting badly and has the impudently fresh pink silkoline curtains at the windows.

Mr. Miller is—or was—an actor—maybe a commercial drummer. It is quite immaterial. Either he deserted the Millers or he died, or he merely travels. At any rate, he never shows up, and can be utterly eliminated from this account, leaving the Millers a household of women only.

All four of them are really very sweet and pretty, the mother looking almost as slim and young as the daughters; and the four of them are irresponsibly care-free to an extent well nigh immoral.

Lacking a man who needs to be launched with a punctual breakfast in the morning, braced with a brief but inevitable lunch at noon, and anchored by a promptly substantial supper in the evening, the Millers have cut themselves loose from the conventional shackles of meal time, and eat, or do not eat, exactly as they choose.

Their breakfast must be a harem-like business of coffee in bed. We feel painfully certain that they do not set a table for it.

Our street has been awake, clothed, and at work for fully four hours before any glimmer of life shows at the Millers.

That glimmer is usually Amy Miller. At nine in the morning, Amy, with an ulster over a palpable night-gown, opens the front door a mere crack and cleverly fishes in the newspaper, using the crook of an umbrella handle for an implement. The part of her face that is visible

appears to be dreadfully dismayed at the brightness of the daylight. She disappears as immediately as she can.

Presently a lazy curl of smoke creeps from the Miller chimney.

Next, Mallie Miller, to whom the ulster has been transferred, runs down the steps and hastens to the grocery store. Though gloveless and in slippers, she is nevertheless thickly veiled—which is to cover up her uncombed hair. She comes back hugging a parcel which proclaims itself a loaf of bread. Mallie skims into the house gratefully, glad to have done with the probing glare of day.

The ulster comes out a third time. It is now Beulah Miller who is in it. Beulah, the youngest and the prettiest, defiantly swings a milk pitcher. Though tall, Beulah is still young enough to be coerced into going for the unwrappable commodities. Like the other two, Beulah quite blinks at the daylight, and skims back to the shelter of the house

as soon as may be.

Not so long, and Mrs. Miller appears for a brief public stunt. She has a broom, and proceeds to sweep down the front steps. Her every fibre protests. She clings desperately to the ostrich-like fallacy that if she cannot see, neither can she be seen, so she jams a man's felt hat down over her eyes, and doggedly keeps her back to the street. As she persists in standing on the step below the one she is sweeping, and as she heroically sweeps towards her, the fore flounce of her wrapper acts obligingly as a dust pan and catches all the dirt very systematically. When she gets to the bottom, Mrs. Miller shakes out her flounce and dashes back into the house.

That about finishes the Millers for the day. From sunrise to sunset their doors are barred and their window shades are down. Yet the Millers are far from dead. When the postman is fairly due the blinds show great activity at the corners. At every window a curtain hikes up a little, and an eye shines at the opening. Yet when the man really arrives and rings there is no one either ready or willing to open the door for him. He is kept waiting while the Millers frantically compare their state of undress to find out which one has on a garment capable of being pinned into a sufficient condition of decency to brave an outsider's eye. The Miller who is finally forced to go is always compelled to grip her skirt together at the back with one hand, and to grasp the neck of her blouse with the other. What she has left with which to clutch the mail is a mystery. Perhaps the postman is trained to insert his letters under her arm—like a stage duel thrust.

In the afternoon the Millers are as utterly unfit to be seen as in the morning. Should a caller ring, the Millers peek through an upper window or peer over the banisters through the curtained glass of the front door until the outlined identity of the caller is somewhat established. If she be an ultra-fashionable, she is allowed to ring herself to a finish

and to depart. Then, after a safe lapse of minutes, a Miller opens the door to an infinitesimal extent and secures the caller's card. If the ringer be a well-known friend, she is admitted through as narrow a gap as is compatible with her width and thickness, and is entertained in a back room. Her entertainers are as unkempt a lot of pretty women as mind can possibly conceive.

During the hours of day every Miller has her front hair up and her back hair down. She has her waist outside of her skirt belt, and lots of chance lattice-work showing where it has no business to show. She is collarless and girdleless, but she is also unconcerned and unashamed. Briefly, the Millers look upon day as a bore, endurable only as the necessary precursor of the blessed night. With the going up of the gas the Millers begin to live. Like magic, up comes their back hair and down comes their front. Immaculate hosiery and footwear are donned. Each pretty face loses its daylight indifference and begins to sparkle and dimple.

As the outside darkness deepens, the Miller house brightens. One after another, their window shades fly up, and the brilliantly illuminated rooms are visible to all by-passers who care to look. Not a moment are callers kept waiting now. The house soon throngs gaily with guests, mostly men. Among them move the Millers, all gowned with careful and effective neatness. The piano tinkles, voices ring in musical unison, charming laughter bubbles out.

Millers and Millerites leak into the street, there to converse merrily in the dark—a little too merrily, some of us think—we who have outgrown the sweet witchery of stars and moon and prosily like to be abed by ten. Personally, I think there is no sound more inane and mirthless than the would-be merriment of people I think should be asleep.

Some of us wonder rather glumly if the Millers go to bed at all. For, every midnight, savory odors of cooking steal from their walls, and their china jingles. Their laughter gets louder. Or perhaps it only sounds louder because the street cars have stopped running.

What is really trying is the time of good-bys. That comes between one and three o'clock. If the callers would go in a bunch, it wouldn't be so bad, but they go like Brown's cows, one after another, and each one cordially keeps on good-bying for the length of a block, and is as cordially answered by a faithful Miller from her doorstep.

Beulah's callers are mostly college boys, and they are prone to warble their farewells—sometimes for a mile. We rather like to hear Bule's friends coming—it sounds melodious in the early evening. But part songs at two o'clock at night—in the ears of a man who has to be shaving at six—are admissibly damnable. And there is one of the singers who invariably remembers that he hasn't repeated a certain joke to Beulah. He remembers this when half-way down-town; but, undismayed by

distance, he proceeds to recount it, his fresh young voice sending warning in a stentorian "Oh, say, Bule!" But don't let's talk about this.

When all the revellers finally depart, do the Millers sleep? They emphatically do not. They sit in the open and chat things over. Haply, Amy Miller gets an industrious fit and cuts out a shirt waist. To keep her in countenance, Mrs. Miller has not been unknown to go down into the basement and put lace curtains into midnight soak. Some say she has even washed and starched them then. This is hard to believe; but it is really on record that Mallie Miller thinks nothing of baking a cake at one A.M., which they all wait for and eat. There is nothing a Miller won't do after twelve o'clock at night—except go to bed.

They house-clean like bats. Often of a midnight, when some of us on the street have been coming home from the theater, we have noted a Miller window being washed by a ghostly Miller arm not visibly attached to any Miller body. Others of us, opening a late casement for the hurtling of a can toward a cat chorus, have heard in the Miller house the

regular muffled rap of a tack hammer, putting down carpets.

Oh, well, there is nothing criminal in the Millers' fad. Then, again, it is wrong. And they are being punished for it, though they know it not. They are losing joy inestimable by not keeping themselves in trim to meet the honest daylight without blinking. We like them. And we find ourselves wishing rather wistfully that they could come to value rightfully the unspeakable blessing of the sun and the open happiness of broad midday.

It seems such a pity to keep one's best for the gas.



### FLIGHT

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

TELL me where goes
The wraith that was the rose,
Or lily, dight
With delicate delight!

Tell me where flies
The gold of morning skies,
The radiant dream
Hid in the sunset beam;

And I will say
Whither life slips away
Into the dusk,
Leaving an ashen husk!

## WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

### THE SALTON SEA

H. Harriman is like his Salton Sea: all that can be said against both is being said. We in America seem never to sandwich good and bad, never to even things up. We have heard the rise of Harriman exploited for our inspiration and emulation; but that is all forgotten now, even by those who benefitted from the sums he contributed for irrigation, and by those others to whom be brought prosperity by voluntarily reducing freight and passenger rates to remote corners. At the time of the San Francisco disaster he did more than any other to aid the sufferers, throwing open the facilities of his road without charge for both refugees and helpers. Even to-day Harriman's steamers are engaged in the free transportation of Red Cross supplies for the famishing in China.

Every one declared that it was the gross stupidity of the engineers—Harriman's engineers—that gave the Colorado River a chance to break its way back to the sunken desert and fill the big basin again—the big basin in the bigger sand-belt. If this be so, it may be a sort of retributive justice that the Southern Pacific itself has been hurt worst of all—for it ran right through the deep bottom and has been constantly forced to shift its tracks to higher ground as the Salton Sea encroached. Harriman has been spending thousands in attempting to restore things to their normal conditions, while the national government, and even Mexico, have also taken a hand.

How many prayers for water had gone up from the heart of that great hollow, hundreds of feet below the ocean level! Now the Salton Sea is there—miles long, and deep and wide—and the people are clamoring for "damages," as well as prophesying every possible calamity if the flow is not stopped. Every one is so busy cooking up damage claims that any possible blessings are overlooked.

Yet years ago the project of producing there just such a sea was seriously agitated, and abandoned only because scientists proved—or thought they did—that the result would be the loss of an invaluable furnace, and that as a consequence California and all the middle South would freeze to death.

In the two years since this important section of the country has been deprived of its "invaluable furnace," the temperature has not materially changed. Indeed, the winters have been noticeably warmer and the summers cooler. Thousands on thousands of parched acres have been rained upon, and in a broad belt extending clear to the Atlantic showers have occurred with marked consistency. Wells driven in sand now strike water at but half the depth of two years ago, and even hundreds of miles from the Salton Sea desert growths are double what they were. With abundant water, every one recognizes the incalculable productive power of that broad belt.

It is easy for scientists to estimate the tons of water that are lapped up by the sun from that silent surface, and we all can appreciate the influence of these water clouds as they float over the surrounding country. Is n't there a possibility that the accident of the Salton

Sea may prove a blessing instead of a curse?

In Arizona, a month ago, a mining expert said to me: "If the United States would set scientific men to ascertain the benefits accruing to the whole country and stand them against the damages, I believe the nation would demand that measures be taken at once to preserve this Salton Sea."

WILLARD FRENCH

### VOICE THE INDEX OF THE MIND

ULTIVATE a mild, gentle, and sympathetic voice.

And the way to secure a mild, gentle, and sympathetic voice is to be mild, gentle, and sympathetic.

The voice is the index of the soul.

Children do not pay much attention to your words—they judge of your intents by your voice.

Your voice reassures. "My sheep know my voice."

We judge one another more by voice than language, for voice colors speech, and if your voice does not corroborate your words, doubt will follow.

We are won or repelled by a voice. Your dog does not obey your words; he does, however, read your intents in your voice.

The best way to cultivate a voice is not to think about it.

Actions become regal only when they are unconscious; and the voice that convinces, that holds us captive, that leads and lures us on, is used by its owner unconsciously.

Fix your mind on the thought, and the voice will follow. If you fear you will not be understood, you are losing the thought—it is

slipping away from you—and you are thinking of the voice. Then your voice rises to a screech, subsides into a purr, or bellows like the vagrant winds. Anxiety and intent are shown, and your case is lost.

If you fear you will not be understood, you probably will not. If the voice is allowed to come naturally, easily, gently, it will take on

every tint and emotion of the mind.

And so, to get back to the place of beginning, the advice is this: The best way to cultivate the voice is not to cultivate it. The voice is the sounding-board of the soul. God made it right. If your soul is filled with truth, your voice will vibrate with love, echo with sympathy, and fill your hearers with the desire to do, to be, and to become.

Your desire will be theirs.

By their voices ye shall know them.

Peace—be still! Feel that, and then say it, and your voice shall be a word of command that even the elements will obey.

ELBERT HUBBARD

### 'WARE THE SKY-SCRAPER!

HE sky-scraper is now the approved model for the building of men into specialists. In preparing his son for a vocation the present-day parent rightly lays deep foundations, in anticipation of the dizzy heights from which the future beckons; but not often does he insist that the sub-masonry be at once deep and broad. Educators, too, in their scramble for mere numbers on the school and college roster, weakly encourage this folly. So here is a warning: Narrow specializing sets a self-imposed limit upon future attainment.

The Man of To-morrow will be called upon to add extra stories to the superstructure he first thought would suffice—the world will move too fast for his initial plans. Happy is he if his foundation has been laid deep and broad enough to stand the extra weight. Sky-scrapers

have been known to topple.

It seems a poor choice, when the choice comes, to have either to give over all hope of adding the extra stories, or to pause—at cost of what labor and treasure!—in order to broaden out and under-pin the sub-

masonry. H-A-S-T-E does not spell SPEED.

Big prizes come not to the man of knowledge, but to him who uses his knowledge with power and adroitness. The former's progress is arithmetical—the latter's geometrical. Thus mental grasp is greater than all knowledge, and mental grasp is made up largely of the ability to institute comparisons. The comparative faculty is the vital part of judgment. It follows, then, that he who knows all of any one subject

knows not enough. How deep soever his foundations sink, how lofty soever his aspirations rise, the whole fabric of his building is menaced in precise proportion as he builds higher. Its safety rests on its substructure.

The educational system that is content to hurry our youth through the culture studies and the mental gymnastic branches, in order to bring the learner quickly to his specialty, is not a safe system at all. Neither is it economical. Time—and money—thus saved are terribly wasted; they must be doubly spent in later life. Besides succeeding in his specialty, the boy must know life. Indeed, in a large way, the latter kind of knowledge is fundamental to the former type of success. More of his time will be spent in grappling with human nature, both subjective and objective, than in wrestling with the merely abstract problems of his calling. Let his foundations, then, be broad if we hope for him to rise big—and safe. 'Ware the sky-scraper!

J. B. E.

### A TYRANNY OF SILENCE

R. GELETT BURGESS has much to answer for in the publication of his canny little book "Are You a Bromide?" with its shameless list of platitudes dear to us all, such as "Now that you have found the way, do come often." This specimen, with about fifty others equally original and unhackneyed, hung up on the wall of any drawing-room at an afternoon tea, could be warranted to stop all conversation within five minutes. The weary hostess about to say the usual nothing to the departing guest catches sight of the inanity on the wall and is struck dumb. The little débutante about to proclaim that she is not educated up to Japanese prints remembers that this is a Bromidion, and takes refuge in silence.

The case is by no means fanciful. The dumb devil is abroad as a consequence of Mr. Burgess's book. The average man or woman who has made the appalling discovery that the list of Bromidions includes his or her little all of small talk now prefers to remain silent rather

than be thought a Bromide.

This reign of silence has its advantages, but to the victims it is a tyranny which must somehow or other be overthrown. A good method of anarchy would be for the Bromides to copy the words and phrases of the Sulphites, and use them so freely in and out of season that the Great Exempt would entreat them with tears in their eyes to return to the cozy depths of platitude.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL



### A HEALTH HINT

Coming out on the train, Gunbusta had read under the heading "Hints to Health Seekers" a paragraph to the effect that with each mouthful of food thirty should be counted before the masticated mass is swallowed, and he decided to introduce this method with his next meal. Therefore, at dinner-time, intent upon his new scheme, he took his place at the table, and absent-mindedly took from his plate the first thing his fork stuck into, and, shoving it into his mouth, commenced counting in a muffled tone:

"One, two-"

Just then Mrs. Gunbusta entered with a trayful of steaming viands, and, looking first at her husband and then at the baby playing upon the floor near by, she said:

"Why, my dear-"

Gunbusta waved his hands at her deliriously as he continued to count and chew simultaneously:

"Nine, ten, twelve, fourteen---"

"My dear, you 've---"

"Fifteen, sixteen, nineteen-"

"Oh, listen, dear, before-"

But the foolish man stuffed a thumb in each ear and went on:

"Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two---"

The good woman set down her dishes and walked frantically to her husband's side, just as he had counted, "Twenty-eight, twentynine, thirty," and with a tremendous gulp, which seemed almost to choke him, swallowed what he had been chewing.

"Well, that's a start," gasped Gunbusta, flushed from his facial exertions; "but that was the most strenuous mouthful I ever tackled." Then, turning to his wife, he went on: "And now, what were you so anxious to tell me?"

Mrs. Gunbusta was pale with fright.

"It's too late now, dear," she said; "but I wanted to tell you that you were eating the baby's bath sponge, which I had carelessly left on your pla——"

Gunbusta waited to hear no more. Jumping up from his seat, he hurried into his hat and coat and started for the doctor's, exclaiming: "I hope nothing serious will result."

"I don't believe so, dear," replied his wife, innocently looking down at the baby. "I can wet the end of a towel to wash baby, and——"

But Gunbusta had left, slamming the door after him.

F. P. Pitzer

### THE HATS

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

See the ladies with the hats— Stunning hats—

Looming up in battlements and slanting down in flats!

How they flutter, flutter, flutter, At the corners of the street!

And the ones who wear 'em utter

Words as soft as melted butter

To the friends they chance to meet,

As they flash, flash, flash,

In a sort of shiny hash,

Till you'd think a flock of blue and green and pink and purple bats Were the hats, hats, hats, hats,

Hats, hats, hats-

The fearful and the cheerful string of hats!

### ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

Betty's first appearance in church will be long remembered by an old gentleman with a very bald, shiny head, who sat in front of her. She eyed him curiously for some time, then, during the first long prayer, leaned furtively forward and placed her tiny hand softly on his glistening pate.

Detecting her in the act, her mother promptly drew her hand back. Startled at being caught, Betty said out loud: "Oh, mamma, I was n't going to hurt! I just wanted to feel if it was soft."

M. Budd

HIS OWN BUSINESS

Cittiman: "Look here, sir, did n't you warrant the horse you sold me yesterday to be without fault?"

David Harum: "Yes; ain't he?"

Cittiman: " No, sir, he is not; he interferes."

David Harum: "Wal, I don't see as you hev any reason fur complainin' about that. He don't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?"

J. M. Sewell

### AFRAID TO RISK IT

When the Hon. Beverly Tucker, Minister to the Court of St. James, was presented to Queen Victoria, she indicated that he be seated, by that slight motion of her plump hand which all England obeyed. Tucker was portly and heavy, and the only available chair was fragile and small. He appeared not to notice the invitation. A moment later it was repeated, for even at that first interview began the Queen's liking for Minister Tucker, which ripened into such an intimate friendship as no other American ever enjoyed with her Majesty. Still, the weakness of things terrestrial were more potent than the finger of Victoria, and Tucker again ignored the command. Then the Queen put it in words, when Tucker, with a profound bow, replied:

"Your Majesty, I never sit in the presence of royalty."

"I accept the compliment at your hands," replied the Queen; "and now you must accept comfort at mine."

"Comfort!" exclaimed Mr. Tucker. "Why, I should break both my back and your Majesty's chair if I attempted to sit in it!"

Willard French

### AFTER MANY YEARS

By La Touche Hancock

I loved you many years ago;
For you I swore that I would die—
Though, if you ask me, I don't know
Precisely why!

I think I have your portrait—yes!

It's here, or, maybe, it is there—
Though on my life I'd never guess
Exactly where!

You are the one I loved of all;
You may be Mary, Nan, or Sue—
Though really I cannot recall
Distinctly who!

Still in my heart you have a share,
And possibly the biggest niche;
You were my sweetheart—but I swear
I don't know which!

### ALL GONE

The mother (proudly): "Yes, Helen got all her beauty of face from me."

The young man (gazing upon the mother's face): "I don't doubt it, madam!"

George Frederick Wilson

### ACCORDING TO KATE

Little Kate was trying her luck with a fishing-rod for the first time. Patiently she sat for a long half-hour, then suddenly jumped up and ran swiftly to her mother, who was seated, sewing, near-by.

"Oh, muvver, muvver!" she cried. "I caught a really fish all by myself."

"Did you, dear?" said her mother. "Where is it?"

"Oh, it's gone home again, I s'pose," said little Kate, "'cos it just unbit and div!"

Robert Elliot

### A SAILOR'S ADVICE

As Admiral Bunce was coming out of the Boston Navy Yard one day he encountered a sailor very much the worse from liquor.

The admiral, being in citizen's dress, was not recognized by the sailor, who endeavored to embrace him affectionately.

"Sir," said the indignant officer, "do you know that I am an admiral?"

The sailor pulled himself together, made a drunken salute, and said: "So you are an admiral, are you? Well, you've got a blame' good job, and my advice to you is to keep sober and hang onto it."

F. G. Blakeslee

The Cake in the Hand is worth two in the store

If it isn't PEARS' leave it in the store

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST. "All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

### A FINE DISCRIMINATION

A Chicago lawyer tells how the most popular man in a Nevada town got into difficulty with a disreputable tough—for a long time the terror of the place—and proceeded to "do him up" in a manner entirely satisfactory to the community at large. It becoming necessary, however, to vindicate the majesty of the law, the offender was brought up for trial on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The case soon went to the jury. When they had been out about two minutes they returned.

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," asked the judge, in a familiar, off-hand way, "what have you to say?"

"If it please the court," responded the foreman, "we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of strikin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze, an' he done it."

So the prisoner was acquitted amid applause.

Edwin Tarrisse

### TO A FLIRT

By Cornelia Channing Ward
The breezes love the butterflies;
The butterflies, the rose;
And I love you, and you love—
Not one amongst us knows!

JUST FIELD'S WAY

When Eugene Field was at the height of his local fame, there lived in Kansas City one George Gaston, whose café was the resort of all the "choice spirits" of the town. He fairly worshipped Field, who made Gaston's place famous by entertainments there, and by frequent squibs in the local paper. Although George had a rule suspending credit when the checks given in advance of pay amounted to more than a customer's weekly salary, he never thought of enforcing it in the case of 'Gene. At Christmas-time Field's credit was under a cloud of checks for twenty-five and fifty cents, or more, amounting in total to \$143.50; but, touched by some simple piece that Field had written, George presented the bill for the full amount, indorsed "Paid in full."

"How's this, George?" said Field.

"Oh, that 's all right," answered George.

"But this is receipted," continued the ex-debter.



# The Last 50 cents in the World

A lady in the enthusiasm of regained health and old-time joy writes:

"If I had only 50 cents left in the world, I'll tell you how I would invest it: Postum, 25 cents; Grape-Nuts, 15 cents; cream, 10 cents; and I'd live like a queen while it lasted.

"Postum has done more for me in building up my health and strengthening my nerves than all the medicines I've taken in the 45 years of my life.

"I suffered about 20 years of that time with nervous sick-headache, often spending 3 days of each week in bed. If I went out one day, I'd likely spend the next in bed—so nervous, life was not altogether happy, as one can imagine.

"Seven years ago I left off coffee and commenced drinking Postum Food Coffee, My strength quickly returned and nervousness and headaches became a thing of the past.

"If any one tells me they don't like Postum, I nearly always find they have not boiled it long enough, for it is surely the ideal drink when made right, and is full of wholesome goodness."

"There's a Reason" for

# **POSTUM**

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

"Sure!" said the gracious creditor.

"Am I to understand," said Field, with a gravity that should have warned his friend, "that I have paid this bill in full?"

"In full 's what I said," murmured the unsuspecting dispenser, enjoying to the full his own magnanimity.

"Well, sir," said Field, raising his voice without relaxing a muscle, "is it not customary in Missouri to set up the wine when one gentleman pays another gentleman in full?"

George could scarcely breathe for a moment, but gradually recovered sufficiently to mumble: "Gents, this is on yours truly. What 'll you have?"

Frank N. Bauskett

### THE FRAGRANCE IRRESISTIBLE

By Charles I. Junkin I can revel in the fragrance Of the rose and pass it by; I can breathe the lily's perfume And move on without a sigh; I can quaff the noisome odor Of the auto gasoline-Not a momentary tremor Ever turns me white or green; But the fragrance of the goober, Of the peanut, vulgar, vile, As my neighbor bites and crunches-It is like a siren's smile; For it rouses greedy passion, And I'm speedily undone, For I'm sick with love and longing, And I whisper: "Gi' me one!"

### A BURNING SHAME

"I came near bein' mighty well fixed onct," said a cow-puncher mournfully, as he dragged his pockets for "two bits" with which to buy a package of cigarette-tobacco. "Yes, sir, I just came within an ace of bein' all right for life. My father used to drink some, and after a few drinks he got to feelin' awful rich. He'd build houses and buy horses and give away thousands of dollars. But he got sick and died when he was sober—just the family luck!—for if he had died when he was drunk he'd 'a' left us tolerably well off."

Caroline Lockhart



says he can make a thousand dainty and delicious dishes out of SHREDDED WHEAT—so wide and varied are its culinary uses,

But you don't need a Chef for Shredded Wheat. For breakfast simply heat the Biscuit in an oven to restore crispness, then pour hot milk over it. This brings out the delicious aroma of the baked wheat, making it more palatable and appetizing. Then add a little cream and a dash of salt.

SHREDDED WHEAT contains all the muscle-building, brain-making material in the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

### A FOOD TO GROW ON, TO WORK ON, TO LIVE ON.

A breakfast of SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT with hot or cold milk or cream will supply the energy for a whole day's work. TRISCUIT is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a TOAST for any meal, instead of white flour bread. At all grocers.

NATURAL FOOD COMPANY.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

### BOOTLESS EFFORT

A fat man with that peculiarly agonized expression which indicates corns came bouncing through the gates at the Union Station not long ago, and caught the rear platform of the through express for the south just as it began to gather headway. He limped into the car and dropped into a seat.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, and commenced tugging at a shoe. "You'll have to excuse me," he continued to the rightful occupant of that particular section, "but I 've just got to get these tight shoes off. I just had time to rush into a store on my way to the station and get another pair—didn't have time to try them on, but I only wear sevens, and I told the clerk I wanted tens."

By this time two glaring red socks were exposed to view, With a sigh of relief, the man hurled the despised tight shoes out of the car window, and reached for the box containing the new ones.

"Great Scott!" he gasped, as he viewed his purchase; "that idiot has given me tens, children's size!"

Emmet C. Hall

### DANGER

By Harold Melbourne

"My wife's not out of danger yet," Said Jones, with anxious air.

" How's that?" said Smith, and Jones replied:

"The doctors are still there!"

### A SURE TURN

"I see be the sarmon this marnin' that Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt."

"It may be, but wid me own eyes I see Dennis McGovern's wife look back and turn into a saloon."

Karl von Kraft

### HE WANTED QUIET

"Now, look here," emphatically remarked the big, pompous-looking chap who was about to take a seat in the barber's chair, "I don't want a word out of you."

"But-but-" began the barber.

"Not a word, I told you," interrupted the customer. "I want a shave and a shampoo and a chance to meditate over the many crimes



It contains an interesting story and tells all about that wonderful material

# Tanta sote

It is profusely illustrated in ten colors, by leading artists.

It gives particulars, prices, and includes sample of the
material, exact tints from which to select. It

also includes cuts showing the handsomest and most extensive line of leather covered furniture, giving prices and details of each piece. Just write us and it will be sent postpaid.

Pantasote is durable, bright, odorless, easily cleaned, does not crack, is fireproof, waterproof, and wears and looks like leather in every respect.

The great demand for Puntasote has led to the substitution of many inferior imitations. To protect you against fraud accept no furniture as covered with Puntasote from your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our inde-mark label as shown below. On piece goods, see that the word "Puntasote" is embossed on selvedge edge. Puntasote was awarded the Grand Frize and two Gold Medala at St. Louis. Puntasote de Leather looks so like leather that the ghoat of a calf couldn't tell it from his own skin, and wears as well. It is wonderful, and as beautiful as it is serviceable.

The illustrations represent some handsome effects in Paniasote leather furniture to be seen at our show rooms. 26 West 34th Street, New York City.

Have you a chair that needs re-covering? We make it easy for all to test Pantasoto by mailing or by registered letter (we will not be responsible for money or stamps which may be lost in the mail), a sample Morocco embossed square 18 x 18 inches, 28 cents; 25 x 28 inches, 69 cents; 13 x 21 inches, 70 cents; and 8 x 28 inches, 18.00. Just the thing for chair seat, cushion or footstool. When buying Pantasote by the yard look for PANTASOTE embossed on the setwage edge every 3, of a yard, for protection against fraudulent products—imitations which fail to imitate and are useless and objectionable.

Address all communications to

## The Pantasote Co.

This label on Pantasote Furniture.





I have committed. I've had to murder eighteen barbers so far because they talked too much, and I hope you won't be the next victim. Get busy."

The barber "got busy," and he never once opened his mouth while at work. After a refreshing shave and shampoo the big customer was feeling in better spirits, and as he tipped the barber a dime he apologetically said:

"Excuse my bluntness, son, as I am a little worried over business matters. What were you going to say as I sat down?"

"Oh, nothing much, sir," meekly replied the barber. "I was just going to tell you that a man leaving the shop at that time had your overcoat on his arm, that was all, sir."

A. B. Lewis

### DUST AND ASHES

By A: J. Loos

"O tempora! O mores!" the ancient duffer said:

"We used to earn our living, but now we urn our dead!"

### A PHILOSOPHER

A class of little girls at school was asked the meaning of the word "philosopher."

Most of the hands were extended, but one child seemed especially anxious to tell.

"Well, Annie, what is a philosopher?" asked the teacher.

"A man what rides a philosopede," was the little girl's answer.

Charles S. Gorlach

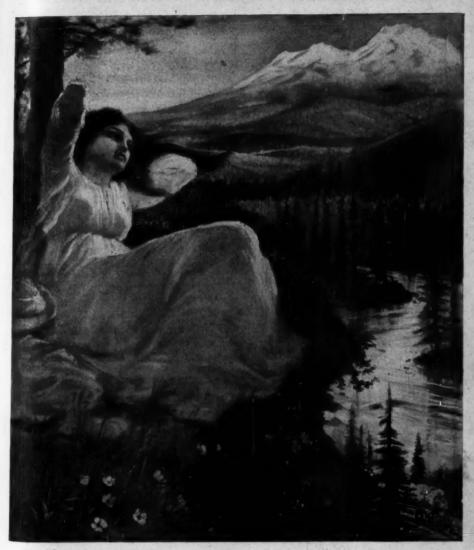
### MEAT AND DRINK TO HIM

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, recently told this story at New Haven's Chamber of Commerce banquet. A hard drinker was told by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead.

The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that once he was nearly locked up as a lunatic. He was stopping at a hotel, and, hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peeped over the transom to see what the matter was. He saw, and rushed madly down to the office and shouted to the clerk: "The man in 153 has shot himself! Ham and egg sandwich, please!"

M. B. Miller

# ROAD of a THOUSANDWONDERS



# SOVTHERN PACIFIC

Low excursion rates from all points in the United States over Road of a Thousand Wonders, through California and Oregon, will be made during Spring and Summer, 1907. A book of seventy-two pages, one hundred and twenty beautiful views in four colors, picturing the wonders of the Coast Line-Shasta Route from Los Angeles, California, to Portland, Oregon, and a copy of Sunset, magazine of the Wide-awake West, will be sent to any address, on receipt of 15 cents, by Chas. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. I, Flood Building, San Francisco, California.

### THE JUDGE'S REPROOF

Judge: "Young man, you're making a good deal of unnecessary noise, I think."

Young Attorney: "Your honor, I've lost my overcoat and am trying to find it."

Judge: "Whole suits have been lost here, sir, with much less noise."

Will C. Scott, Jr.

### CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

"Do you like watermelon, Sambo?"

"I would, sah, ef it did n't git all ovah ma eahs, sah."

Eleanor Root

### AUGUSTUS

By Harold Susman

"Augustus never says a word!"
Indignantly said Rose.

"Well, that is just his way," said Kate, "Of telling all he knows!"

### ADAPTABLE

Small Robbie was laboring over a drawing which was obviously of great importance.

His mother, who was sewing in the room, got up to see what he was doing.

"What is it you're drawing, dear?" she said, as she stood behind him.

Robbie was embarrassed. Struggling to cover his nervousness, he answered with an air of great nonchalance:

"Oh, it's papa I'm drawing, but I don't care anything about it. Guess I'll put a tail to it, and have it for a dog."

Julia Lee Logan

### JUST INSIDE

"I notice," remarked the frequent guest, "that your plump waitress is no longer here."

"Ah, but you are mistaken, my friend," replied the cannibal chief, as he tasted the stew with peculiar relish.

G. T. Evans

# WHITING

PAPER COMPANY,

Their product is used all over the globe.

## WHITING PAPERS

for fine correspondence and general business uses are Standard.

This Trade-mark



is a guarantee of the highest excellence, and sets a world's standard for

## Fine Writing Papers.

For Fashionable, Social and Club Correspondence or Business Use, Whiting Papers meet all requirements of individual taste, by their faultless elegance in quality and finish.

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Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

Chicago

HER APOLOGY

Little Ethel is usually sunshine and sweetness embodied, but, with all her winsomeness, she has a temper that often results in disaster. She was playing with her small neighbor one day recently, when a quarrel arose concerning a doll. Gracie held fast to the treasure, and Ethel, unable to gain possession, suddenly turned and left the imprint of her white teeth on the plump little arm that encircled the doll. Then, in a tempest of tears and passion, she rushed home and sobbed out her story. A very serious talk was followed by an unusually early bedtime for penance and reflection, and the next morning a small girl crossed the street, rather dejectedly, to offer an apology. Gracie chanced to be the one to open the door, and her mother, in an adjoining room, overheard the conversation.

"I'm—I'm much 'bliged to you for letting me bite you," said Ethel hesitatingly.

There was a moment's pause, and then a somewhat astonished but very meek little voice replied:

"You 're welcome."

Kate W. Hamilton

THE HIT BIRD FLUTTERS

"What makes you think he's getting so old. He does n't look it."

"Perhaps not; but he won't let any one help him on with his overcoat."

Warwick James Price

#### ALL ABOARD FOR THE LAND OF NOD

By Frederick B. Hodgins

There's a popular train to the Land of Nod On the Sunset Limited Line; It's timed to leave as the sun goes down And the lamps begin to shine.

It is known on the road as "The Babies' Own,"
And it gets the right of way;
From dusk to dawn it makes its run,
For it seldom runs by day.

It's a "Limited Special For Little Folks,"
With a Buffet Car behind
That carries the things all babies need,
In charge of the Dustman kind.

We have many thousands of salesmen directly and indirectly promoting the sales of Sapolio. A few words of suggestion and of encouragement, meant for those in our direct employ, may interest the wider circle, which includes 3,500 wholesalers, 21,000 of their salesmen, 150,000 retail dealers, their 300,000 clerks, and the millions of housekeepers who use Sapolio and commend it to their friends.

# INSTRUCTIONS TO SALESMEN & Sapolio

Talk CLEANLINESS—Constantly keep before those whom you approach the relation which cleanliness bears to Life. Health, happiness, success largely depend upon it. Self-respect dwells not in dirty houses with careless people. The first commandment of social life is: "Be Clean."

Talk CHEERFULLY—You represent a good article—offer it with a confident smile. The great public are our friends. Success can afford to smile. Leave despondency and complaints about the weather, dull times and reluctant buyers, to the peddlers of imitations and cheap substitutes. It is hard work for them to "reflect a shining countenance." Tell the storekeeper that it is a good rule never to buy goods from a grumbling salesman—his discontent advertises the fact that his wares do not sell readily.

Talk FAIR PRICES—The best stores will be your best customers, because they are themselves clean. The grocer who keeps dirt down can keep his prices up. Many a dealer buries his profits under the dust in his store, and then vainly tries to keep up his trade by selling cheaper goods.

Talk ECONOMY—Less waste is our greatest national need. Cheapness is rarely economy. Our ancestors left us solid old furniture because there were no cheap instalment systems in their days. Sapolio may cost a trifle more than cheap substitutes, but it outlasts them.

Talk CONFIDENTLY — Every sensible dealer keeps Sapolio in stock. The public prefers honest, well-known goods. Urge the grocer not to load his shelves with experiments, and to listen to no suggestions that he can substitute anything for Sapolio — it is a losing game. He will not do it if he respects himself — he will not do it if he wants the respect of his customers.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

Sugar sticks and griddle cakes,
Plum jam and cambric tea,
Marmalade and penny buns,
Can be had for a nominal fee.

The Dustman rides on the engine's back;
He lives in the big Sand Dome;
He walks through the aisles of the cars at night
And croons the songs of Home.

He gently scatters the dust that soothes,
Like talcum powder sweet;
Then, when all are asleep, he takes a peep
For something nice to eat.

"All aboard for the Land of Nod!

This way, please, for the Sleepers.

Supper is served in the Buffet Car;

Eat hearty, and close your Peepers."

#### INCRIMINATING

"If I hear you say that naughty word again I shall certainly whip you!" exclaimed Bobby's mother, after the little fellow had expressed himself rather forcibly.

"You 'll have to whip us bofe, then."

"Why, Bobby, what do you mean?"

"Well, I heard papa thay it this mornin'," Bobby replied.

J. T.

#### HIS PROFESSION

A passing stranger was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. Hurriedly tying his horse, he ran to the house and found out that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother, not knowing what to do, had become frantic. The stranger caught the little fellow by his heels and, holding him up, gave him a few shakes, whereupon the quarter soon dropped to the floor.

"Well, mister," said the grateful mother, "you cert'n'y knowed how to git it out. Air you a doctor?"

"No, madam," replied the stranger; "I'm a Collector of Internal Revenue."

W. G. S.

# MENNEN'S BORATED TOILET POWDER

## UNSETTLED WEATHER

of spring months, with its raw chill winds, is especially hard on delicate complexions, unless protected and kept soft and clear by daily use of

## MENNEN'S Borated POWDER

A delightful healing and soothing toilet necessity, containing none of the risky chemicals found in cheap toilet powders

imitating Mennen's.

Just get the habit of using Mennen's every day of the year, after shaving and after bathing.

Put up in nonrefillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover it's genuine, and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Sample Free

## Gerhard Mennen Co.

Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Voilet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut

Parma Violets
Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs
Act, June 30, 2906. Serial No. 1542.



#### HE WOULD

Grocer: "I pay my boys three dollars per week."
Applicant: "Will I have a chance to rise?"

Grocer: "You bet. You'll rise every morning at four A.M. or lose your job."

A. B. Lewis

#### THE LIGHT-HEADED SEX

By William Wallace Whitelock

"Begorra, me love, it is sthated that man,"
Said Pat to his Norah one day,

"Has a brain that is built on a heavier plan Than woman's—now, phat do ye say?"

"Oi 'm not sayin' nawthin'," said Norah, "except,
If we were n't loight-headed, bedad,
We never would marry the men thot we do—
So I guess ye spalpanes should be glad!"

#### NOT IMPORTANT

Next door to a certain Mr. B., in Indiana, lived a pawnbroker's family by the name of Friedman. One evening the bell at Mr. B.'s house rang, and his eldest son, a lad of thirteen years, went to the door. He was greeted by the pawnbroker's wife, who asked to see his mother.

"Mother is at supper," said the boy. "Is there anything I can do?"

"I wish to see your mother," repeated Mrs. Friedman firmly. Young B. hesitated a moment. "If it's anything important, just step into the parlor, and I'll call mother."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Friedman calmly, as she stepped to the edge of the porch and gazed up at the roof, "I just wanted to tell her that the house is on fire."

Frank B. Elser

#### QUITE A LUXURY

Lady: "How much do you charge for dachshunds?"

Dog Fancier: "Five hundred dollars a yard, mum."

Lady: "Dear me! How expensive! And of course I must have four feet."

J. M. H.

# OSTERS ORIGINAL VEVEY WITZEHLAND THE ORIGINAL THE ORIGINAL

# ORIGINAL MILK CHOCOLATE

## "PETER'S" at the PINNACLE!

Highest in Public Opinion—Because in the highest degree Pure, sustaining, satisfying and "Irresistibly Delicious"

It never varies from the highest standard of quality, and you never grow tired of

### "GALA-PETER"

The World's Favorite Chocolate

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers, 78 Hudson Street, New York

WHO COULD BLAME HIM?

Two prominent society women of Washington were seated in the gallery reserved for the families of Congressmen.

"What a grand body of men!" exclaimed the younger of the two enthusiastically.

"Do you think so?" asked the other demurely.

"Why, of course I do. See how alert and business-like they are. I am sure if George Washington could come back to Congress he would be proud of such a dazzling spectacle."

"I fear, dear," remarked the elder of the two seriously, "that if George Washington were to come back and see Congress, he would lose no time in delivering another farewell address."

Frank N. Bauskett

THE PROPER THING

The Right Rev. P. J. Donahue, the witty Bishop of Wheeling, West Virginia, attempted bicycling some time ago. Mishaps followed, and a friend who had seen him wrestling with the machine asked him several days later: "Bishop, do you wheel now?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I am Bishop of Wheeling!"
L. G. McClung

#### PLUNDER

By Karl von Kraft

Of all the periodicals
An eager public buys,—
Replete with timely articles
Whose wit with wisdom vies,—
The one most popular, I ween
(I vow 't is passing strange),
Though quoted oft and never seen,
Is simply called—" Exchange."

#### A NATURAL CONCLUSION

When Freddie was taken to the Sound last summer he saw for the first time a big steamship towed by a puffing, snorting little tug, with an immense hawser connecting the two. "Oh, papa, papa!" he exclaimed. "See, the big boat has the little one by the tail, and he's a-squealing!"

J. M. Sewell



Chiclet is a tiny, firm morsel of delicious chewing-gum enveloped in a dainty candy coating, flavored by six drops of pungent peppermint—a remarkably appetizing combination. In five and ten cent packets and in bulk at five cents the ounce, at the better kind of stores all over the United States and Canada. If your dealer can't sell you Chiclets send us ten cents for a sample packet and booklet. CHICLET PALMISTRY. Look at your hand; if it is marked like the one above, you will have an unusually long life. Note how the Life Line starts from under the Mount of Jupiter (the cushion at the base of the first finger), swings out into the palm of the hand, with semicircle around the thumb toward the wrist, with almost an unbroken line.

Note the tiny single line on the Mount of Jupiter itself; that denotes Success.

The three lines on the wrist are well-defined. They signify Health, Wealth, Good Fortune—a smooth, easy existence.

You can read any hand with the CHICLET PALMISTRY CHART—sent free with every ten-cent packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & CO., INC., 518 N. 24th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

#### There is no end of information

about newspapers in the American Newspaper Annual (published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, \$5.00 net), the 1907 edition of which is just out. Catalogued in simple tabulated form are the facts one needs in dealing with newspapers, with particular attention to circulations, which are all given in plain figures.

There are supplementary lists of daily newspapers, magazines, and class publications. A colored map of each State is bound in the book. It also contains for the first time the Advertisers' Telegraph Code, compiled especially for the use of the publishing interests and filling a long-felt want in this direction.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

## An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT's.

#### HER FAVORITE CHAPTER

After teaching her native tongue for many years in London, an elderly French lady finally retired, remaining, however, in the British capital.

Her old pupils came in frequently to call, and many of them read to her from the Bible.

The frequent Scripture lessons finally began to wear on the old lady, when one day Mrs. Brown, most prim and proper, dropped in for a cup of tea.

"Do let me read to you from your Bible, madame," she remarked almost as soon as she was seated.

The hostess demurred for a time, but as her visitor seemed determined to adminster the reading, she finally yielded with the remark:

"Very well, then, my dear, read me the story of poor Madame Potiphar and that horrid little Joseph."

Addison May Rothrock

#### A MARK TWAIN STORY

Mark Twain once received a letter from his brother, who complained that he was afflicted with a boil and the jumping toothache at the same time, and inquired if he had ever heard of a worse combination.

"No," wrote the sympathetic "Mark," "and I can imagine only one that might be worse—that would be to have inflammatory rheumatism and St. Vitus's dance at the same time!"

Edith Brownell

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#### HIS OWN IDEA

Little Ted Brown was a strenuous lad, and had formed the not unusual habit of kicking and thumping his playmates.

One day his mother found him not only kicking and pounding one of his friends, but even spitting on him.

She was dumfounded at this, and, taking Ted into the house, said to him: "Ted, I don't know what to make of you; I think the devil has got into your head and taught you this kicking and striking and spitting."

Ted, getting more indignant every second, looked up at his mother and said:

"Well, the devil may have taught me the kicking and striking, but this here spitting is my own idea!"

Aldis B. Squire



DOES NOT CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR

#### A YOUNG LOVER ONCE CONFESSED

that which first attracted him in the young lady of his choice was her beautiful delicate complexion and her soft, velvety hands. Every young lady can have that same complexion and those soft hands by the use of FROSTILLA—a dainty toilet article for face and hands.

Makes the skin smooth, relieving every irritation, such as sunburn, sore lips, chafing, chapped hands, and all cutaneous roughness.

For ladies who sew or knit, Frostilla has positively no equal.

It is not a glycerine nor a greasy cream, that frequently injures fine, delicate skin, but it is a perfectly harmless, delicately perfumed toilet necessity.

MARION HARLAND SAYS: "Frostilla entered my family years ago unheralded by any advertisement, and proved itself such a faithful friend in the matter of chapped hands, sore lips, chafing; and sunburn, that we now lay it in by the dozen bottles." It is the best article I have ever tried for any irritation of the skin, and a most delightful toilet requisite for general use."

Sold by all dealers. Trial bottle, prepaid, for 25 cents. Clay W. Holmes, Elmira, N. Y. P. S.—Try Frost'la after an automobile or boat ride—you'll be delighted with it.

#### OVERHEARD ON THE TRAIN

The seats in front of mine were occupied by a communicative tourist and a man who lived in the next town. The latter seemed to be absent-minded and slightly deaf.

"The altitude in New Mexico must vary a great deal," observed the tourist. "About how high are you here?"

"Eh? I-er-five feet eight."

The discouraged tourist began reading a newspaper. Presently his eye caught something which brought out the following comment:

"This vastly greater increase in birth rate among the lower classes than the higher is really alarming."

"Eh? Er—er"—suddenly seeming to comprehend—"oh, I don't know. Such things are controlled largely by supply and demand. There is always a greater demand for lower berths than for uppers, you know."

T. C. McConnell

#### WITH MINT SAUCE

By Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

Mary had a little lamb—
You've heard this fact before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?

#### IN KENTUCKY

"Uncle Dick, how many toddies does the colonel drink every day?"

"Well, yo' see, boss, I eats de sugar de kunnel leaves in de glass, an' 'long erbout de middle of de evenin' I gets fuddled an' loses count."

J. T.

#### NOT EASILY UNDERSTOOD

- "You attended the lecture last night?"
- "Yes."
- "What did the lecturer talk about?"
- "He didn 't say."

George Frederick Wilson

# TEMAGAMI

A LAND OF LAKES AND RIVERS



A Peerless Region for the Tourist, Camper, Canoeist, Angler and Sportsman.



A new territory accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, hay fever unknown, magnificent canoe trips.

Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge, and other game during the hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book telling you all about it sent free on application to G. W. Vaux, 917 Merchants Loan and Trust Building, Chicago, Ill. F. P. Dwyer, 950 roadway, New York, N. Y. T. H. Hanley, 360 Washington St., Boston, Mass. W. Robinson, 906 Park Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Or to G. T. BELL.

General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Montreal, Canada.

A New Novel by the Couthern Writer
HARRIS DICKSON

Author of The Ravanels

GABRIELLE Transgressor

An Intense & Unusual Romance

COLONIAL NEW ORLEANS

FOR SAVUE EVERY WHERE

Publishers J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. Philadelphia

NOT ENLIGHTENING

Doctor Blank, for about twenty years a professor at the University of Virginia, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. He made a farewell address to his class after his last lecture, and in pathetic but, to the class, rather harrowing tones, said in closing:

"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Many happy years have I spent with you, but I must now leave you for a brief period. Would, my dear boys, that there was a window in my breast, that you might see the inmost recesses of my heart."

A stripling in the rear of the room, nervous from the harrowing recital preceding these remarks, piped out in a shrill voice:

"Professor, would a pain in the stomach do?"

Will C. Scott, Jr.

HE MIGHT

Two Irishmen were recently overheard discussing the ill health of the pope.

Said one: "Yes, an' if he doies it 'd be just like Thaydure Roseyvelt to appoint some dommed Protestant to the place."

Frank B. Elser

11

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#### A DIFFERENCE IN KICKS

By J. L. S.

When a fellow is kicked by an obstinate horse
He will sympathy get, as a rule;
But there's only a laugh in store for the man
Who is kicked by an obstinate mule.

#### KERMIT'S CHOICE

At the Columbia Poultry and Pigeon Show, recently held in the city of Washington, Kermit Roosevelt, the son of the President, was an interested visitor. The president of the association, thinking he might like to have one of the prize winners for a pet, inquired what kind of chicken he liked best.

"Fried chicken, with good brown gravy, sir," Kermit replied promptly.

Arthur W. Beer

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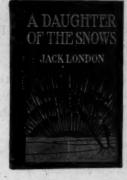
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THE VERDICT

John La Farge, the painter, is responsible for the following story. There was a man who loved a maid, and she returned his passion, but there were reasons that made secrecy desirable, and thus, though the two were betrothed, they pretended to the world that they were good friends and nothing more.

One evening, as the young man was pressing his sweetheart to his breast, her sister entered the room suddenly.

The lovers drew apart with great haste, and the sister, with an "Excuse me," turned to go.

But the young man deemed an explanation necessary. He said: "Don't go. We have just been measuring to see which is the taller. What do you think?"

The intruder, standing by the door, looked at the lovers intently. Then a delicate smile flitted over her pretty face, and she answered:

"You are about the same height, but I think sister is much the redder!"

Owen Kildare

#### CONVINCING PROOF

Isabel had spent the most of her five years on a Western cattle ranch, and while at her grandfather's home in the city she was taken to Sunday school for the first time. The teacher told the story of Lot's wife, and Isabel listened very attentively. The teacher ended the story by saying: "For all I know, the pillar of salt may be there now."

"Didn't they have any cattle?" asked Isabel.

"Yes, I think so," replied the teacher.

"Well, I'll tell you"—with an air of superior knowledge—"those eattle would have licked her up long ago."

A. M. Benson

PM

PI

#### A NEW DANGER

Almost all inveterate whist players have their special whims and hobbies. General Ormonde's was to take the last trick, under all circumstances. He would fight for it harder than for the game. When word was brought to his club that the general was dead, his ofttime partner looked up and remarked:

"Poor fellow, I'm sorry. But, at least, the last trick-will cause him no further anxiety."

"No," replied another player; "but I'm thinking that the last trump will still be a disturbing element."

Willard French